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COMMENCEMENT OF HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES.

A Class of Fifteen Start the Sterner Duties of Life.

EXERCISES SATURDAY AND MONDAY

Excellent Programs Carried Out at the School Building and Lyceum —Pleasing Addresses and Beautiful Music.

On Saturday the lower hall of the High School building was filled with the friends and relatives of the graduates long before three o'clock, the hour appointed for the Class Day exercises.

The Class, together with Charles McGowan who represented the Juniors, were seated on the platform which was decorated with plants, ferns and flowers as well as the school colors—orange and black—and the class colors—lavender and white.

The president, Wallace J. Bisset, made a brief address and introduced Ralph W. Herzog who as salutatorian heartily welcomed the guests to the exercises of the afternoon.

The class history was given by Bessie Engstrom, who noted the principal events in the progress of the class speaking of the physical, mental and sentimental attainments of its members.

The artist, Letha Stull, displayed a pictured of each member of the class and judging from the manner in which they were received these cartoons illustrated the most amusing characteristics of the subjects. Each one was accompanied by a stanza of poetry setting forth the particular characteristic emphasized by the drawing.

As a representative of Santa Claus, Belva Gerritt gave to each a present particularly adapted to his needs. She and the artist exhibited great harmony of opinion in the hits made upon the various members of the class and made each joke very clear to the audience.

In his class poem "In the Time that is to Be," Samuel Stull showed himself to be possessed of more than ordinary ability as a poet and gave some very clear ideas as to the possibilities of what the future may bring.

As prophets Elfrieda Carroll and Frederick Specht rank very high, and for the girls of the class, Mr. Specht prophesied fame and success, while under the divinations of Miss Carroll's gypsy, the boys are to engage in work quite different from that to which they at present aspire.

Every Senior Class when leaving school feels impelled to advise the Juniors and Cora Erhart capably performed this task, handing down the celebrated shovel and adding to it an official pen to be used only in signing class documents.

In behalf of the Juniors, Charles McGowan accepted shovel and pen and read a very clever and witty article showing clearly that in the eyes of a Junior, even the Seniors have strayed from the path of dignity at times during their school career.

Ina Milroy read the class will which disposed of all property of which the class were possessed, bequeathing it to the various classes in the High School.

The music of the afternoon was furnished by Hazel McAllister, pianist, and Zela Brasted, soloist. Both young ladies acquitted themselves in their usual creditable manner and thoroughly pleased the audience. Miss Brasted was accompanied by Mrs. Brown at the piano and Frederick Specht on the violin.

Edna Freeman recited Robert of Sicily in a very effective and pleasing manner.

Having attained the highest average during the high school course, to James McGowan was accorded the honor of valedictorian. He spoke eloquently upon the value of a single aim and of the success to which each one may attain through singleness of purpose and then bade the final farewells for and to the class. His speech possessed an unusual degree of excellence and deserves very high praise.

The audience then adjourned to the east side of the building where Edward Glavin planted the ivy and delivered the Ivy Oration, drawing an excellent comparison between the life and growth of the class and that of the ivy.

Too much cannot be said concerning the excellence and merit of each number of the program and the community at large as well as the school authorities and teachers may justly feel proud of this, the class of 1908—the largest class ever graduated from the Smethport High School.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

On Monday evening, June the eighth, at the Lyceum occurred the Commencement exercises of the Class of 1908 of the S. H. S.

The stage had been tastefully decorated with plants and flowers and the class colors and motto were prominently displayed. Music was furnished by Chadwick's orchestra.

The opening prayer was offered by Rev. W. A. Harris of the Methodist Episcopal church, and Mr. T. T. Allen, principal of the school, introduced the orator of the evening, the Rev. Robert E. Brown of Franklin, Pa., who took for his subject "The Investment of a Life." Before beginning his address Mr. Brown expressed a wish to congratulate the citizens of Smethport upon their school building and the educational advantages offered to their students, and especially upon the size of their graduating class which he said compared favorably with classes in other towns having larger schools.

He said that he should not make an attempt to follow his subject very closely but that he wished to impress upon his audience that the most necessary things in life are, first of all, preparation, and second, a definite purpose firmly kept in mind. Not all, he said, can be great but each has a definite place in the world to fill. We owe to the world the best that we can give, as it he who strives only that he may gain riches has missed one of the greatest things in life,—a high purpose nobly worked for. Much of the effective work of the world has been and is being done by men yet in their youth. The speaker cited as examples Washington, Napoleon, Kents, Brynat and others.

It is not only the man who knows, that is needed in the world but the man who knows that he knows, and a thorough knowledge of one thing, together with an ability to apply that knowledge is more valuable than a great amount of information on varied subjects. Mr. Brown concluded with an earnest appeal to the class to give to the world the best that is in them and to strive to live truly to themselves and their high ideals.

A chorus composed of members of the High School, with Sidney Burdick at the piano and trained by Miss Edna G. Neil of Bradford, then rendered two selections, "O'er the Waters," by Edwin C. Bowley, and "Happy and Light," from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," arr. by Edward F. Rimbault.

D. C. Young, president of the Board of Education, after a few commendatory words to the class and the faculty, presented diplomas to the following young men and women:

Wallace J. Bisset, Sarah Zola Brasted, Anna Elfrieda Carroll, Bessie Engstrom, Cora Etta Erhart, Edna Cynthia Freeman, Belva Elizabeth Gerritt, Edward Glavin, Ralph W. Herzog, Hazel Marguerite McAllister, James R. McGowan, Ina Mae Milroy, Frederick W. Specht, Letha Mae Stull and Samuel B. Stull.

While the orchestra played softly the little flower girls, Misses Harriet Herzog, Katharine Hamilton, Marie and Maxine Sasse, presented flowers and other gifts to the members of the class.

The High School chorus then sang "Come Flit Around," by J. B. Wekerlin, and "Song of Parting," by N. Lincoln, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. W. A. Harris.

The annual sermon to the graduating class was delivered by the Rev. J. Heber McCandless at St. Luke's church on Sunday evening. It was attended by the class, the faculty and the Board of Directors, as well a large number of the friends and relatives of the class.

Mr. McCandless made an excellent address and urged upon his hearers the value and necessity of education and its use, emphasizing also the necessity of cultivating our higher ideals and seeking to live in the broadest and best sense.

The music was especially good and was very much appreciated by everyone.

The Alumni Dance.

The Alumni of Smethport High School gave a dance at the Lyceum last evening which proved to be a very enjoyable affair. Each member was allowed to invite one guest and about forty couples were present and danced to the inspiring strains from Chadwick's orchestra until a late hour.

The refreshments were served by the members of the Junior class and consisted of sandwiches, cake, coffee, ice cream, nabiscos and various other delicacies, and all voted it a delightful, refreshing repast.

Annual gatherings of this kind do much to keep up the interest of the Alumni in any school or college and we trust that an annual ball or banquet will continue to be the custom from year to year until Eighteen and Eighty meet as graduates from the Smethport High School and make merry on these occasions.

Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Hand Painted China.

Mrs. H. L. Backus has a line of hand-painted china suitable for graduation presents.

Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

CRIMINAL COURT NEWS.

A Long List of Cases Finished and Fifteen go to Penitentiary.

The June term of criminal court came to a close on Saturday afternoon after a most strenuous week for all the officials.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs A. C. Matthews, George Williams and Burt Tucker on the charge of surety of the peace, a verdict of not guilty was rendered, the complainant, Lizzie Sayer to pay costs.

Commonwealth vs Frank Bannon and John Setzer, guilty on the first count, surety of the peace.

In the case of the Commonwealth vs Buck Conners, charged with larceny, the defendant was discharged.

Commonwealth vs L. D. Champlain, charged with stealing a fence, not guilty, but costs to be divided equally between plaintiff and defendant.

In the case against A. J. Hoffman, charged with selling butterine illegally, was found not guilty and the costs put on the county.

Commonwealth vs Ed Golden, verdict of guilty.

Commonwealth vs Will Young, not guilty.

In the case of John Cappero, the jury returned a verdict on the second count. Cappero had been previously tried and found guilty of rape and sentenced 12 years in the penitentiary. The case was taken to the Superior Court where he was granted a new trial.

In the case of Commonwealth vs W. Carr, charged with being implicated with Bannon and Setzer in a robbery, the judge took the case from the jury on the ground that the Commonwealth had produced no evidence. F. Bannon went on the stand and testified that Carr was not with them. Setzer was put on the stand but refused to testify for fear of incriminating himself.

In the case of John Simons and William Mayberry, charged with rape, both men were convicted.

Commonwealth vs John Fast, charged with selling liquor without license, acquitted, but the defendant must pay the costs.

The last case to be heard was that of James Burgess and James Conners of Bradford, who were charged with cruelty to dumb animals. The men were acquitted by the jury, who placed the costs on the prosecution, Watson, who the proprietor of a livery stable. Recently Conners engaged a horse from Watson and drove to Jamestown. On his return to Bradford, he invited Burgess to ride with him to Custer City. The horse seemed to be suffering while enroute, and was returned to the barn, where it died in a few minutes.

The following sentences have been handed down:

Ed Golden, receiving stolen goods one year and six months in the penitentiary.

Simon Canty for felonious assault, received a sentence of four months in the county jail.

A. C. Matthews, for felonious assault was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years.

Angelo Quelli and Peter Metili, for selling liquor without a license, three months in the county jail.

John Cappero, who was tried over again on the charge of assaulting the Monaco girl at Lewis Run, and convicted of assault with intent to commit rape, a fine of $50 and four years and 11 months' imprisonment in the western penitentiary.

Frank Bannon, burglary, two years and six months in the penitentiary.

John Setzer, burglary, two years in western penitentiary.

Joel Rice, forgery, $50 fine and two years in the penitentiary.

William Mayberry and John Simon, criminal assault, five years in the penitentiary.

John Madzuk, breaking in and robbing freight cars, two years and six months in the penitentiary.

Samuel Kird, stealing chickens, one year and one month in penitentiary.

Edward Woos, robbing freight cars, two years and six months in penitentiary.

W. A. Wakoak, breaking and robbing freight cars, two years and six months in penitentiary.

Floyd Barrett, larceny as bailee, one year and one month in penitentiary.

George Golden, burglary, four years and six months in western penitentiary.

Lestern Bannon, burglary, two years and six months in penitentiary.

Ed Braley, one month in jail.

Early Closing of Stores.

The following merchants will close their places of business at 6:15 p. m. excepting Saturdays commencing June 8 and continuing until September 1.

Fry & Comos,	Andorfer & Lyle,
The Lindholm Co.	Engstrom Bros.
Wm. Monheimer	J. Colegrove
H. W. Rubin	Geo. Brennan
D. C. Young	J. S. McCarty
Mary L. Bisset	G. H. Denning
Mrs. Carrie Clark	Jno. F. Rooney
Wm. Glavin	Mrs. A. E. Hinman

Anderson & Carlson

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Bradford Boy's Downfall.

William Stanley, who was arrested in Chicago for burglary, created a great deal of comment in Bradford where the unfortunate young man was known to almost everybody. His father was for years an employe of the National Transit company, and it is said that his mother recently departed to take up her residence in Hannibal, Mo. In his amazing confession he attributes his downfall to reading a book.

He was arrested after being shot at five times by Detective Burns at Clark and Van Buren streets and compelled to drop two suit cases filled with expensive jewelry.

In a remarkable statement Stanley told Captain O'Brien of the Chicago police department that he was a graduate of the high school at Bradford, and that his parents are well-to-do and that he was a "natural born burglar."

"I was valedictorian in my class at the Bradford high school three years ago. W. R. Case of the W. R. Case Cutlery company is my step-father. One night three months ago I broke into a cutlery house in Denver and stole four dozen high grade razors. When I came to look at them the next day they had my step-father's mark on them. I shipped them back to him anonymously.

"I went west to grow up with the country," said the boy, "and what Denver did not do to me is not worth mentioning. I got to thinking of my troubles and determined to do things to Denver, so I got a kit of tools and started robbing the town. It was easy. I broke into 17 places in one block."

Five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry was found in the two grips captured. The youth is wanted in Denver and elsewhere for thefts of jewelry and money.

"One night I had $15,000 worth of stuff in my grip," said Stanley, "when a policeman asked me where the noise of breaking glass came from. I had just come through a window because the watchman was behind me, so I told the policeman to go to the rear. He went and I beat it.

"I never would have thought of being a burglar, but I read a book one night in bed at a Denver hotel when I was broke. It is called 'The Burglars' Club.' I believe Conan Doyle wrote it. All the burglars in it are ambassadors or lords or dukes or earls. That book made a hit with me. Next day I got a kit of burglar's tools on trust from a pawnbroker. The same night I broke into a jewelry store and got away with $11,000 worth of the stuff. It was so easy I laughed myself sick."

Stanley refused to wire relatives for assistance. He declared his determination to fight the trouble alone, because if his mother heard of the predicament she would suffer.

Woman Badly Injured.

The first serious accident to happen on the new Bradford and Carrollton division of the W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co. occurred at 5:40 o'clock on Sunday evening at the high bridge near River side, when a woman was struck by a car and seriously, if not fatally, injured. The woman was walking across the bridge when she was struck. Three Limestone men, Robert Weston, Daniel Patton and Leon Bissell, were about the first to reach the woman and they carried her to the sub-station nearby and telephoned to General Superintendent I. W. Miller at Olean. The woman was conveyed to that city and taken to the Olean General hospital.

A telephone message from the hospital early this morning conveyed the information that the woman had given her name as Mrs. Edna Lewis, but she had been unable to give her address.

Dr. William Mountain attended her and found that both of her ankles were broken so that the bones protruded from the flesh and she had a bad scalp wound besides a badly bruised nose.—Bradford Era.

A Pleasant Surprise.

On Thursday evening, June 4th, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe pleasantly entertained the class of '08 at their home on Main street. Besides the Senior class there were present Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Allen, Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Myers, Misses Carrie Day, Emma Tretton and Rose Allen. When the guests had all assembled Miss Mabel Appleby, a former teacher in the High School, was ushered into their midst. This was a most pleasant surprise to all, for during Miss Appleby's two years in the schools here she made many warm friends.

The Senior class was taken on a visit to a "can" factory while the other guests solved quotations. Rev. Harris then took everyone on a trip to Baltimore, after which Mrs. Harris took them on an excursion to Washington's home at Mt. Vernon.

A delicious luncheon was served, patriotic songs were sung and the remainder of the evening was spent in a very social way.

For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.

Since our last issue we have received news of the finest military exploits which have crowned the arms of the Government since the breaking out of the rebellion. The hearts of loyal men have been made glad by the announcement of a series of victories which, if they do not give the rebellion a finishing blow, must cripple it to an extent that will render its final overthrow at an early day, a certainty—provided the proper energy is put forth by the general Government. First we have the magnificent victory of Gen. Meade—who at present commands the army of the Potomic—at the battle of Gettysburg. There he met and fought for three days, the pride of the South, the great Gen. Lee, and his army of 100,000 veterans. Lee came North with the prestage of a victorious commander heralding his advance, and with the boast upon his lips, that hereafter, Pennsylvania's beautiful plains should be the battle-field of this war. Scarcely had his rear guard crossed the borders of the State ere it was attacked by the cavalry forces of the army of the Potomic. For the first time, Gen. Lee discovered celerity in the movements of an army he had accustomed himself to despise. He discovered at the head of that army a "foreman worthy of his steel." He withdrew his forces to Gettysburg, and there he found his antagonist prepared to meet him. There, on 1st, 2nd and 3rd day the proud rebel was thoroughly humbled, and during the following night he commenced his retreat. By almost superhuman efforts he succeeded, in the course of a week, in recrossing the Potomac, leaving behind, in the hands of the victorious army of the Republic one third of his entire force. Second, the unconditional surrender of the garrison at Vicksburg, which turned over to Gen. Grant 27,277 prisoners of war, besides fourteen Generals. The artillery and small arms captured at the time were 200 cannon and 90,000 small arms. This magnificent capture occurred on the glorious Fourth of July. Third on the same glorious Forth, Gen. Prentiss, who is in command at Helena, Ark., was attacked by the combined forces of the Rebels, Holmes, Price and Marmaduke, amounting to some 15,000 men. Gen. Prentiss was strongly fortified, although his force was less than one fifth the size of the rebels. After several hours the rebels were routed, leaving behind them 1,000 prisoners, and 1,200 stand of arms. Their entire loss in killed, wounded and missing was not less than 25,000, while ours did not exceed 250.

Fourth: Immediately after the capture of Vicksburg Gen. Sherman crossed the Big Black river and very soon after encountered Johnson's forces drawn up in line of battle. A bloody action ensued, resulting in the complete defeat of Johnson, who had 2000 of his men captured, Gen. F. P. Blair then advanced and is reported to have occupied the rebel city of Jackson, thus defeating the intention of Johnson to make the Pearl river his line of defense. Fifth: On the 9th day of July 1863, Port Hudson, the last foothold of the rebellion on the banks of the Mississippi, was surrendered to Gen. Banks. The garrison consisted of 7000 men besides officers. Thirty-five field pieces, 25 siege guns, and about 10,000 stand of small arms were among the trophies.

We might add to these glorious successes, the operations of Rosecrans in Tennessee. He has followed up the rebel Braggs so closely as to capture 4000 prisoners and Bragg has finally retreated to Atlanta Georgia. The celebrated stronghold of Chattanooga is now in Rosecrans' hands. We might add also the success of Gen. Gillmore in Charleston harbor. By vigorous assault he has succeeded in carrying all the batteries on Morris Island but one, with fair prospect, at the last accounts, of soon having that one in his possession. If he succeeds in capturing this last the reduction of Fort Sumpter will certainly follow.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending June 6, 1908:

Miss Nora Flynn, Jesse Robison.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relives pain, soothe, reduces inflamination, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Mrs. Park has recovered from her recent illness and will have her hair dressing and manicuring parlors open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and will be pleased to serve her patrons again.

Big cuts or little cuts, small scratches or bruises or big ones are healed quickly by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitts. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

The Republican Platform.

A Washington dispatch dated June 7, says: What is generally understood to be the draft of the Republican party's platform to be adopted by the Chicago National convention was given forth here to-day.

The platform as given out is very circumstantial. In official circles it is believed the administration has made it public thus far ahead of the convention in order to test public sentiment regarding its provisions.

With the exception of a few details, which will be left to the committee on resolutions to insert, it is believed that the platform as at present outlined is complete.

The Roosevelt policies are endorsed in toto.

The tariff question will be left unfortunately to Congress although the platform contains a declaration for revision and there will be general pronouncement in favor of such changes in the schedules as the advance of time and the progress of the country may have made necessary.

It will be emphatically stated that there must be no innovation that will permit American labor to come into competition with foreign labor.

Next to the tariff, the financial plank has received most careful attention. Congress and the Administration will be congratulated upon the passage of the Aldrich-Vreeland emergency bill.

The Administration will be especially complimented upon the passage during the 59th Congress of the railroad rate law.

The convention is also expected to place itself on record as favorable to such an amendment to the Sherman anti-trust law as will enable the railroads to enter into reasonable traffic arrangements without taking the risk of prosecution in the criminal courts. Probably also there will be a declaration in favor of the registration of certain corporations having the means to become monopolies engaged in interstate commerce, so as to give the national government such supervision over them as now exercised over transportation agencies.

Cognizance will be taken of the demands of labor to the extent of recommending such legislation as will insure labor organizations against snap judgment by the courts in the issuance of injunctions without due notice of necessary hearing.

Claude Sandborn Arrested.

Chief of Police Murray and Captain Foust of the local police department made a lucky capture of a young burglar on Tuesday evening. Claude Sandborn of Bradford is a prisoner at the city prison awaiting the arrival this morning of Deputy Sheriff Quinn of Cuba, N. Y., who it is expected will be armed with a warrant for the young man.

On June 5, the store of B. G. Gibson at Cuba, N. Y., was robbed of about $75 worth of property, including a bicycle, a watch, razors, jewelry, etc. Suspicion rested upon Sandborn and the local police were asked to be on the lookout for him.

Last evening Sandborn was seated on one of the settees on the Public Square, when he was taken into custody. He had a bicycle in his possession. The bicycle was one with a blue frame. When the officers saw the strange colored bicycle, the number was obtained and it corresponded with that of the wheel stolen at Cuba and accordingly Sandborn was taken into custody. When arrested he had a loaded revolver in his pocket and sewed into his coat lining were a number of cheap rings. He practically acknowledged that he did the job in Cuba and the police expect to be able to fasten other robberies upon him.

Sandborn is a criminal who makes a living by robbing. He has recently finished a term in a York State penitentiary for burglary.—Bradford Era.

Grove City College—Summer Term begins June 23rd—lasts eight weeks. Largest summer school in Pennsylvania. Thirty-eight Professors and Lecturers (three from Great Briton) special work in English and Philosophy. Schools of Normal and Collegiate branches, Pedagogy, Music, Art, Commercial Branches, Stenography and Typewriting. Students can get any work desired. $40.00 will cover all necessary expenses. Address President Kerler, Grove City, Pa.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. They are recommended everywhere. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Excelsor Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 20 days trial; stationary when open; noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young. The Wasson Stanchion Co., Box 557, Cuba, N. Y.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Subscribe for the MINER.

HER MAY MORNING.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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The world said Eleanor Carey would never marry again. Her first matrimonial experience had not been strewn with roses, though money for their purchase had not been lacking. And the events of her widowhood had been enough to turn any woman hard, cynical and unromantic.

Not that Eleanor Carey looked either hard or embittered as she presided over Mrs. De Witt Smith's ten table one balmy April afternoon. Robed in soft, clinging topaz colored silk, with heavy incrustations of lace—the famed Carey laces—she looked not a day older than the daughter of the household who was that day making her social debut. And, indeed, in point of years the fair debutante had little advantage over the fairer widow whose coming out had been followed almost directly by her marriage with Henry Carey, retired broker, multimillionaire and confirmed bachelor.

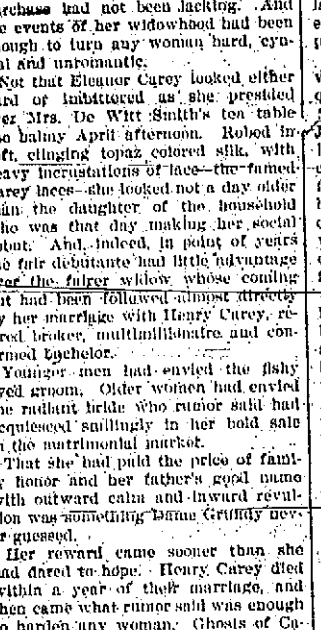
Younger men had envied the fishy eyed groom. Older women had envied the radiant bride who rumor said had acquiesced smilingly in her sale in the matrimonial market.

That she had paid the price of family honor and her father's good name with outward calm and inward revulsion was something Dame Grundy never guessed.

Her reward came sooner than she had dared to hope. Henry Carey died within a year of their marriage, and then came what rumor said was enough to harden any woman. Ghosts of Carey's ugly past trooped forth after the reading of the will. His first cousin, apparently well started on his elder relative's downward path, first laid siege to the widow's heart and, being repulsed, then started the contest which had made Eleanor's face familiar to every newspaper reader in America and arraigned the dead man in all the baldness of motley drunk eccentricities.

That any woman could believe in any man after going through what Eleanor Carey had gone through was past even the belief of her own somewhat cynical social set.

So far Eleanor's attorneys had held out against the siege for the millions left entirely to her. So far Eleanor Carey had never been interviewed by either public reporter or private friend. She had simply resumed her place in society after laying aside her mourning and let the legal and social tongues wag.



"MY DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART OF LONG AGO," IT RAN.

So it happened that three men who had come to pay their respects to Mrs. De Witt Smith and her youngest daughter lingered to play court to the presiding genius at the tea table.

One of these was Dr. Dalton, a man who had won his spurs in the world of medicine despite a large family fortune and assured social position.

The second, Jimmy Darnton, was a newly made copper king from the northwest, whose family, well known in the eastern social whirl, had sent him west to be forgotten as the family ne'er-do-well and were now only too glad to remember him and receive him with open arms.

Neither of these men could be accused of daring how Henry Carey's fortune was finally disposed of.

The third man was Donald Gregory, born of a stern Scotch father and a mercurial French mother in the storm locked New England town where Eleanor Carey had lived in her girlhood. In his father's eyes the young chap had wasted what should have been a useful youth.

Today the stern old father unfortunately was not alive to witness the artistic triumphs of his son, but the mercurial little mother was waiting to welcome him in the New England town. He would have joined her days before, but for having met Eleanor Carey the very day of his arrival in New York from Paris.

And to each of these three men Eleanor Carey had given the same reply, as quietly and unemotionally as she had laid the extra lump of sugar on the saucer beside their cup of tea.

"I am going to Craigmere the first of the month. If it is for the best, I will send for you to come there."

All the world seemed a-moving the morning of May 1. Worried middle class housewives wrangled with impertinent van and storage men, and humbler families carried their belongings or shoved them from old home to new in a borrowed pushcart.

Eleanor Carey's town house was as serene as if the entire establishment retinue of servants, canaries, Angora kittens, mistress and all were not to be removed that very afternoon to Craigmere.

The mistress of the menage in billowy masses of lace awaited her morning mail and hot coffee. When the latter had been served the maid reentered the room laden with letters and parcels.

There were violets and lilies of the valley from Dr. Dalton, a corsage bouquet large enough to hide the front of Mrs. Carey's traveling coat. From Jimmy Darnton there were pink roses long stemmed, perfectly tinted and crystalline with dew showered by the florist's rubber sprayer. There were bulky envelopes from her lawyers and daffodils from a girlish admirer. There were whines from individual mendicants and carefully phrased appeals from charity organizations.

And, last, the maid, with a correctly blank expression on her face, handed her mistress a curious floral offering, a basket made of soft willow twigs interwoven and lined with damp moss, which overflowed with the most commonplace flowers—violets with only a faint woodland odor, a few sprigs of late arbutus, many, many faintly tinted hepaticas and some dainty Quaker ladies. Silently she sat fingering the fragile blossoms while her deft fingered maid arranged the pink roses and the hothouse violets. At last, with a long drawn sigh, Eleanor Carey opened the envelope tied to the May basket by a blade of stout grass.

"My dear little sweetheart of long ago," it ran, "do you suppose for one instant that I intend to wait for you to bid me come to Craigmere? I will be there to bid you welcome—not on the stately terrace of your Italian villa, but down in the woods where I gathered these. And, what is more, I want you to come to me with clean hands and an empty purse. Send for your lawyers. Tell them to take what they want and give the rest to the hounds who are fighting you. Turn your back on it all—the ghastly skeletons of the past, the scandal, the publicity, the bitterness of it all. You have never had a happy day since your purse was lined with his gold. Come, love; 'tis May day, and the world is still young for you and me. Be the queen of my May today and for every May day to come. I am waiting."

For almost an hour Eleanor Carey sat there, the spring blossoms fading under her hot clasped hands. Her breakfast turned cold. Her maid slipped in and out of the room, silent and apparently unobserving. Then her mistress turned to her suddenly.

"Adeline, call my lawyers; you know the number, ——— Broad. Tell Jenkins we will take the 1:45 instead of the 3:10 train for Craigmere. That is all."

At 4 o'clock that afternoon Donald Gregory waited on a moss grown log in the wood adjoining Craigmere. All around him bloomed the unfragrant, exquisitely tinted wild flowers, while dogwood petals fell in a snowy shower on thick moss and modest blooms alike. His Parisian friends would hardly recognize him. Gone was the Vandyck beard, gone the shabby corduroys, the flowing tie. In their stead Gregory was clean shaven as in the old days when he had made and filled Eleanor's May basket year after year. For the corduroys he wore a light gray suit, a soft madras outing shirt, a soft gray silk tie. He looked the boyish lover, not the successful artist.

And toward him, treading the pathway among the dogwood petals, came the lady of his heart, clad in a simple frock of blue and white wash stuff and a low flat hat wreathed with flowers. She held out her hands. He took them and the smiling woman to his heart.

"Dear girl," he murmured in her ear, "it is good to be young in May."

And the woman raised her eyes to his, eyes from which had passed every trace of bitterness and anxiety and disappointment, as she answered steadfastly, "Yes, Donald; it is good!"

Mr. Wm. H. Anderson, M. D., of Soda Springs, Ida., says that Bees Laxative Cough Syrup has relieved coughs and colds where all other remedies failed. Its gentle laxative effects especially recommend it for children. It is pleasant to take. For coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

WANTED THEIR GOATS.

A Curious Adventure Among the Natives of Africa.

Mrs. Constance Larymore, author of "A Resident's Wife in Nigeria," recounts this curious adventure in Africa: "The ashib, as from ineradicable Indian habit I still commonly call my husband, had gone out at sunset after deer, and during his absence the entire population of the village came streaming up the hill to the rest house, all talking loudly and at once and evidently under the influence of strong excitement. I was by that time well accustomed to creating a sensation whenever I appeared, no white woman having been seen previously, but these people struck me as having more than salutations in their minds and on their clamoring tongues. I had been six weeks in the country. My knowledge of Hausa was confined to salutations and a few simple words, so I summoned our interpreter to help me to entertain my visitors.

"They chattered, shouted and gesticulated at Paul, who eventually explained to me smilingly that they had never seen a white woman before and were anxious to offer me a personal welcome. I nodded and smiled in high gratification, thanked them cordially and, when I had exhausted my small stock of polite salutations told the interpreter to give them leave to go home. This they did, somewhat reluctantly, I thought, but after describing the interview with some amusement to the ashib I dismissed the matter from my mind.

"Six weeks later we passed through Lukpa again on our way back to Lokoja, and found it deserted—not a man, woman or child, not a goat, not a fowl—all gone, obviously fled into the bush. I felt distinctly hurt at this churlish behavior on the part of my late admirers and learned long afterward that on our first visit our precious interpreter and others of our party had seized and killed every goat and fowl in the village. The wretched owners had rushed up to the rest house to complain, and all they got was 'Thank you!'

"I am not ashamed to confess that I cried when I made that discovery. The lesson, however, went home to the bone and drove us to work ceaselessly at the Hausa language, knowing there could be no security for ourselves or justice for the people until we could be independent of dishonest interpretation."

AN INDIAN ATTACK.

One in Which Custer and a New York Broker Were Mixed Up.

Charles Osborn, a New York broker, and General Custer were intimate friends, and Osborn annually visited the general at his camp on the plains. During one of the Indian campaigns he invited Osborn and a party of friends to Kansas and after giving them a buffalo hunt arranged a novel experience in the way of an Indian scare. As Osborn was lying in his tent one night firing was heard at the outposts and the rapid riding of pickets. "Boots and saddles!" was the order in the disturbed atmosphere of the night, and Custer appeared to Osborn loaded with rifle, two revolvers, a saber and a scalping knife.

"Charles," he said in his quick, nervous way, "you must defend yourself. Sitting Bull and Flea in Your Boots, with Wiggle Tail Jim and Scalp Lock Skowhehan, are on us in force. I did not want to alarm you before, but the safety of my command is my first duty. Things look serious. If we don't meet again, God bless you!"

The broker fell on his knees. "Custer," he cried, "only get me out of this! I'll carry a million shares of Western Union for you and let you into the firm to get me home! Only save me!"

But Custer was gone, and the camp by shrewd arrangement burst into a blaze, and shots, oaths and warwhoops were intermixed until suddenly a painted object loomed on Osborn's sight and something was flung into his face—a human scalp. He dropped to the ground and said the Lord's Prayer backward and sideways until the noise died away and there was exposed a lighted supper table with this explanation on a transparency:

"Osborn's Treat!"

A Strong Maid.

A cooking expert tells this story: "Only the other night, dining with some friends of mine, I saw a maid drop and break a superb platter that contained two roast canvasback ducks. Our host did not permit this accident to ruffle him. While we waited for some other course to be substituted for the last one he said: 'You must excuse that maid. These accidents happen almost daily with her. I think it is a disease. She was, I believe, a dairy maid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns.'"

Beware the French "Tabac."

A suggestion: If you are a smoker and are going to tour France take your own tobacco and pipe or cigars, for no American can smoke the "tabac" sold in France. Cigars are unobtainable outside the large cities, and the smoking tobacco is of international quality—you smoke it in one country and smell it in another.—Outing Magazine.

Popping the Question.

"Hello!" said the corn. "Was that you whispering?"

"Yes," replied the wind. "I've been trying to catch your ear for some time."—Bohemian Magazine.

Discreet.

Lawyer (to applicant for position)—Yes, I need an office boy. Are you truthful? Boy—Yes, sir, but I ain't truthful enough to hurt your business.—Chicago News.

Don't cough your head off when you can get a guaranteed remedy in Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. It is especially recommended for children as it's pleasant to take, is a gentle laxative and has expelling phlegm from the system. For coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness and all bronchial trouble. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Old Occupations.

We are apt to forget perhaps how many strange sounding occupations have now become obsolete. One has only to glance down Stow's list of old city companies to wonder what in the world are inholders, upholders, carvers, joystars, joinmints, pattenmakers, yet they were important enough in Elizabeth's time, though they varied in importance, inholders being allowed two messes at the lord mayor's feast and upholders only one mess. Hatband makers had no business with the outward insignia of mourning, but, in the words of an old chronicler, "were incorporated by King Charles I. in the year 1638, when rich hatbands were much worn; but, that fashion having been many years set aside, the business is now much reduced, there being few of that profession." So it is not only women who are responsible for that prime cause of unemployment—seasonal trades.—London Chronicle.

Queen Amelie's Courage.

The late king of Portugal once said, "If I were ever put to the test I should prove that, though the king of a small nation could not hope to defeat a powerful enemy, he could be brave and loyal and could die for the honor of his flag." "And I should not let the king go that way alone," immediately added the queen, who is now a bereaved widow. "A woman's place is not on the battlefield," remarked a courtier. "A woman's place and a queen's is always at her husband's side, through good report and ill, and I should go with him," said Queen Amelie.

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The Letter Of *the* Bond

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

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John Follansbee stared at the young man angrily. Then he turned to his daughter.

"Kate," he said earnestly, almost pleadingly, "be advised. You think now that you love this young man and that you can't be happy without him. But you are wrong. If you did not see him for a year you would forget him utterly. He—to his face I say it—he is not the sort of man to inspire any lasting affection. Give him up. Trust your old father and give him up. Won't you do it, Kate?"

"I can't, father."

Mr. Follansbee sighed. Then he turned to the young fellow, and his voice was stern.

"Mr. Carter," he said formally, "I am a plain man and deal plainly. I object to you as a son-in-law. I have looked into your history and find no evidence of enterprise or capability. You hope to induce my daughter to marry you, but you'll never do so. That possibility may be set aside at the start. There remains to you only one alternative. You may defy me and be crushed, or you may accede to my wishes and become rich—in another city. As you know, there is scarcely a business in this whole city in which I do not exert an influence, directly or indirectly. If I choose—and I may choose—I can have you blacklisted and end all your chances for the future. You do not doubt this, do you?"

"No, I do not doubt it," answered the young man quietly.

"Very well. That is one side of the shield. Now I will show you the other. I had expected something like this and had decided how to deal with it, and I will make you an offer. If you will promise to leave town tonight—within the hour—without a word to my daughter, and remain away for, say, two years and to exchange no letters with her in that time, I will give you $10,000."

"GOODBY, MR. FOLLANSBEE; NO HARD FEELINGS, I HOPE."

"Father!" Kate was on her feet, red with shame and anger.

"Haighty-taighty, Kate! Let the young man speak for himself. Which is it to be, Mr. Carter, Kate and nothing or $10,000?"

Carter threw his head back haughtily, but before he could speak Kate, who had slipped around behind her father, caught his eye and shook her head violently. Bewildered, the young man paused and faltered. "You—you insult me, Mr. Follansbee," he muttered weakly.

"Well, I'll double the insult—and the cash. Take it or leave it."

But Carter had had time now to guess at the meaning of Kate's gesticulations.

"Twenty thousand!" he sneered. "That's quite a sum—about equal to your income for a week, isn't it? Oh, no, Mr. Follansbee; I don't sell out at any such price as that."

Follansbee stared at him beneath his bushy brows. "Very well," he said. "forty thousand."

Again Kate shook her head and held up her hand with all five fingers spread widely. Carter saw it and answered briskly. "Make it $50,000," he said, "and I'll talk business."

"Very well, fifty thousand, then, to be sent to you promptly by certified check to Chicago, shall we say?—as soon as you send me an address from that city. But, mind you, young man, no tricks. Your pledge, which you must give me in writing, may not be legally binding, but don't think that you can take the money and fail to keep your word. If you do, by heavens, I'll stop at nothing to destroy you."

"All right, all right!" returned the young man sullenly. "I keep a pledge when I make it. What do you want exactly? Put it in writing."

Mr. Follansbee took a tablet from his pocket, wrote a few words on it and handed it to the young man.

"Here it is," he said; "merely a memorandum, you see. Read it."

Carter read: "I, Thomas Carter, in consideration of $50,000, to be sent to me as soon as I communicate with Edward Follansbee from Chicago, hereby agree to leave New York tonight and remain away from it for two years, during which time I will not write to Miss Follansbee nor in any way seek to induce her to marry me." He read slowly, casting a quick glance at Kate's acquiescent head as he did so.

Stomach troubles are very common in the summer time and you should not only be very careful about what you eat just now, but more than this, you should be careful not to allow your stomach to become disordered, and when the stomach goes wrong take Kodol. This is the best known preparation that is offered to the people to-day for dyspepsia or indigestion or any stomach trouble. Kodol digests all foods. It is pleasant to take. It is sold here by L. K. Hogarth.

Scarcely could he believe that the keen business man before him could have drawn so lame and loosely worded an agreement. Clearly where his daughter was concerned Mr. Follansbee was not his usual collected self.

"Humph!" he said. "That's about right, I guess. But I don't know about Chicago. Suppose we say Washington instead. It's nearer, of course, but in these railroad days 1,000 miles is little farther than 100. I'd prefer Washington."

"Have it as you like," returned Mr. Follansbee indifferently. "The main thing is to get you away from New York. When will you leave?"

Carter drew out his watch.

"It is now 5 p. m.," he said, coolly. "I'll leave on the 8 o'clock train from the Twenty third street station. Goodby, Mr. Follansbee; no hard feelings, I hope."

"Hard feelings!" The elder man clinched his hands. "Young man," he said, "I've bought you off because it suited my purpose, but I'd advise you to get out of here. I'll keep my word about the money, but if you are here one minute from now I'll break every bone in your body. Go!"

As the young man slipped silently from the room Mr. Follansbee turned to his daughter. His face was sad. "I'm sorry for this, Kate," he said. "I didn't think he would prove quite so poor a specimen! But it was better for you to know it now than later, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so, father." The reply came in a muffled voice. "Please leave me now. I'll be better soon."

"That's my brave girl." With a farewell touch on the bowed shoulders Mr. Follansbee left the room.

Kate did not come down to dinner that night, sending word that she had a headache and was not hungry. Later Follansbee tapped at her door, but, receiving no reply, tiptoed away, thinking her asleep.

The next morning, however, disclosed the facts. Before breakfast the butler brought him a message.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edward Follansbee:

In accordance with promise, I hereby write you from the Blank hotel, Washington. Your daughter is here with me. We were married yesterday an hour before we met you. I have a good job here and intend to carry out my promise to remain away from New York for two years, not to write of your daughter during that time and never again to seek to induce her to marry me. You will therefore kindly send by return mail certified check for $50,000 and oblige, yours sincerely,

THOMAS CARTER.

Mr. Follansbee studied the letter for some time, then he threw a telegraph blank toward him and wrote:

The money will be wired you within an hour. Have a good time on it. There's more when it's gone. When you get tired of traveling bring Kate home. Refuse Washington job. I can use a man like you in my business here.

His Uncontagious Laugh.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you. How true that is!" said Mrs. Higgleson. "To have written just that line was worth living for."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Mrs. Higgleson replied. "I admit that there is a good deal of philosophy in the poem from which those words are taken, but it isn't always true."

"My dear," Mr. Higgleson exclaimed, "you are mistaken. It is always true. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you.' It's as true as anything that has ever been written. The whole philosophy of human existence is bound up in those few words."

"The whole philosophy of human existence may be bound up in them," the lady responded, "but I insist that it doesn't always happen that way. I've noticed that you always laugh when you try to tell a funny story, but it's very seldom that the world laughs with you."

Mr. Higgleson drew himself up with all the dignity he could command and, striding angrily from the room, exclaimed:

"As Milton says in his 'Essay on Man,' 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a sneering wife.'"—New York Telegram.

The Bed With the Curtains.

The Cavendishes have always been noted for their taciturnity, as an old anecdote testifies. The seventh duke was one of the most silent of men, and it is on record that soon after his accession to the dukedom he was posting down to a remote part of Yorkshire, accompanied by his brother, Lord George Cavendish. They were unexpectedly stopped on the way and obliged to put up for the night at a wayside inn, where they were shown into a three bedded room. The curtains of one of the four posters were closely drawn. Each brother in turn looked within those curtains, and each without remark went to bed and to sleep. Near the close of their next day's journey one brother said to the other, "Did you see what was in that bed?" "Yes, George," came the terse reply. There was no further remark, although they had seen that the occupant of that third bed was a corpse laid out for interment.

Ready For Earthquakes.

"The chances of heavy loss of life by earthquake in the Chilpancingo region in Mexico are small," said a man who has visited there. "The buildings are erected with the idea of the best possible security. There are usually minor tremblings to give warning of severe shocks that may follow. Everybody in that region sleeps with his pants all arranged for making a quick exit from the building the moment he feels the tremors. I saw the theater at Chilpancingo emptied of a crowd of several hundred people in less than two minutes after the first shock was felt. The thing of being routed out of bed several times in a night is not very enjoyable, but the people are used to it. They will run into the street, and if the shock is not repeated in the course of an hour or so they go back to bed."

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The Farmer's Wife

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter risings after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and their attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms, conditions, as testified by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the several schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a *free* copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the are say of them.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 11, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Attend the dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

—The fire went out in the Kane Window Glass Co.'s plant last Friday.

—The supervisors of Keating and Norwich townships are to be complimented on some good work done on the roads in the recent past.

—It is reported that on Saturday a young man living near Eldred speared a speckled brook trout in Knapp's creek which was 28 inches long and weighed seven pounds. This is the largest fish of that species ever captured in this section.

—In the notice of the death of James Murray of Crosby last week we stated that he was a member of the Gospel Workers, in accordance with information furnished us. Since we have been informed that he was a member of the Free Methodist church and we gladly make this correction.

—Frank Stampone, wanted for murder at Salamanca, N. Y., was arrested at Brockwayville on Sunday. A couple of weeks ago Stampone, it is alleged, got into a dispute with a fellow countryman at Salamanca, and the next morning railroad men found the body of the other Italian in the Erie yards at Salamanca, death being due to a stiletto wound in the heart.

—On Monday George Barrett was arrested on a charge of stealing $8.50 from Joe Leuzzi, who runs a small store east of the Hotel Imperial. He was given a hearing before Justice Gleason and discharged for lack of evidence. Leuzzi swore that the money was missing and that Barrett was the only known man in the store during his absence. Barrett denied the charge. He only had 11 cents on his person when arrested.

—Robert Bachman, the "Devil Chas-" and murderer of little Irene Smith at Nazareth, Pa., was taken to the Norristown insane asylum last Saturday by Sheriff Person and Hugh McFadden of South Bethlehem. Mrs. Bachman was at the county prison to-day to bid her husband good-bye. They talked in low tones for half an hour, but their conversation was not overheard. When Mrs. Bachman left her husband kissed her and this is the first evidence of affection that he has shown since his commitment.

—The new Y. M. C. A. building at Bradford will be dedicated Friday of next week.

—A break in the oven caused a layoff for the flatteners in the Smethport Window Glass factory three days this week.

—Loreto Mussiro, an Italian who was stealing a ride on a B., R. & P. train, fell off near Bradford last Sunday. He was nearly scalped and his skull was fractured.

—George Warren, 14 years of age, of Eldred, is wanted by the police. He has committed no criminal offense, only that of running away from home. He left home in the company of two Poles, aged about 25 years. His father is searching for him.—Era.

—The philosopher on one of our exchanges rises to remark: "The trees are full of blossoms now, the bees begin to hum, the Merry Widow bonnets par our necks clean out of plumb; the carpet tack lies around the house, in most unlooked for spots, and papa says a lot of things, that are expressed by dots. The gas man loosens up his hold and lets the iceman in, and father spades the garden with a heart chock full of sin. The swimmin' hole is warmin' up, the hen is on the nest, the printer gets the paper out, but he had rather rest."

—If you want to advertise your paper purchase for your wife a Cleopatra gown, such as are startling even Parisians at the present time. Of course you must expect that some harsh criticisms will be given your spouse, but every time such a remark is made, it will terminate with the words: She is the wife of the editor of the ——, and there you have your ad. The Democrat will guarantee that every editor's wife whose form is suitable for such a gown will, if she wears one of them, cause his paper to be more extensively advertised than it has ever been before.—Potter Democrat.

—"Tag Day" was most successfully conducted on Saturday by the ladies in charge of the scheme. From early dawn to late at night young ladies walked the streets disposing of the tags for whatever they would bring. A person without a tag on was out of fashion, for the day at least. The treasury of the Children's Aid Society is enriched about $700 which will be expended on the new nursery and dormitory at the Children's Home. The committee is most grateful to the public for the ready response to the appeal for financial assistance.—Bradford Era. Tags were also disposed of here for the same noble cause on that day.

Grange News.

The MINER will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Saturday, June 6th. There were eight new candidates received the 1st and 2nd degrees and five new candidates were balloted for and elected, which will make a class of thirteen to receive the 3rd and 4th degrees Saturday the 27th. The class may be still larger as more are expected to take the 1st and 2nd degrees the 13th.

The 30th inst. will be Memorial services as the 30th of May, the regular day first appointed, was so stormy that but few were in attendance.

A very interesting program brought by Worthy Lecturer Martha Beckwith was well carried out to a crowded house Saturday last, consisting of songs, recitations, discussions, etc. The character sketch given by Miss Lora Otto brought down the house. Sister J. C. Stull being the only representative from our grange to attend the Pomona, which met with the Mountain Grange at Kane the 3rd and 4th, was called upon to give an account of her trip which she did in a very able manner. Mountain Grange is a new grange with a membership of 24, of which 18 are Pomona members. Worthy State Master W. F. Hill, Brother White and Brother Lobby were present at Pomona Grange. The next Pomona meeting will be in Farmers Valley on August 1st.

General News.

Mrs. H. C. Warner and daughter, Orra May, Mrs. M. T. Horton and Harry Caldwell came Friday from Salamanca to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Caldwell. All returned Saturday but Harry, who returned Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bush of Buffalo are the guests of relatives and friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Oviatt were the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Paterson, over Sunday, returning Monday accompanied by Mrs. Oviatt's sister, Miss Bertha Paterson. Miss Paterson returned home Saturday.

A number of Valley people attended the commencement exercises of the graduating class at Smethport and report a very pleasant and profitable time.

Garrick's Wit.

David Garrick on one occasion passed Tyburn as a large crowd was assembling to witness the execution of a criminal. "Who is he?" asked the great actor of a friend who accompanied him.

"I believe his name is Vowel," was the reply.

"Ah," said Garrick, "I wonder which of the vowels he is, for there are several. At all events it is certain that 'U' is neither 'I' nor 'I'."—London Saturday Review.

Quite Natural.

"Of course," said the tourist, "you know all about the antidotes for snake bite?"

"Certainly," replied the explorer.

"Well, when a snake bites you what's the thing you do?"

"Yell."—Philadelphia Press.

Two Roads.

First Mother (reading letter from son at college)—Henry's letters always send me to the dictionary. Second Mother (resignedly)—That's nothing. Jack's always send me to the bank.—Puck.

Source of Supply.

Minister—My dear little boy, why don't you get an umbrella? Jakey—Since pa has quit going to church he never brings home any more umbrellas.—Jewish Ledger.

Every misfortune can be subdued with patience.—Socrates.

A Bit of Tact.

"Do you say you paid a compliment to that hideous and spiteful harridan? I didn't think you could be so insincere."

"I merely told her that her face was as beautiful as her heart."—Fliegende Blatter.

There are people who only seem to take pride in telling the truth when they know it is going to hurt somebody's feelings.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Quite the Reverse.

Osmond—Well, you've never seen me run after people who have money, Desmond—No, but I've seen people run after you because you didn't have money.

Stoicism.

"Papa, what is stoicism?"

"The after effects of a honeymoon."—Life.

Nature has provided the stomach with certain natural fluids known as the digestive juices, and it is through these juices that the food we eat is acted upon in such a way as to produce the rich, red blood that flows through the veins of our body and thereby makes us strong, healthy and robust, and it is the weakening of these digestive juices that destroys health. It is our own fault if we destroy our own health, and yet it is so easy for any one to put the stomach out of order. When you need to take something take it promptly, but take something you know is reliable—something like Kodol For Dyspepsia and Indigestion. Kodol is pleasant to take, it is reliable and is guaranteed to give relief. It is sold by L. L. Hogarth.

Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, are sold by L. K. Hogarth.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

Waste and Carelessness That Enrich Uncle Sam.

"If we waste other things the way we do stamps," said a stamp clerk the other day, "we Americans are just about the most wasteful people on the face of the earth.

"Uncle Sam is much more than half a million dollars in pocket every year as a result of carelessness in the use of stamps. The government never loses anything by such carelessness and always gains.

"How many stamps do you put loose in a drawer of your desk or in a corner of your pocketbook and never think of again until you come across them, aged and torn, while rummaging about months later? Then they are tossed into the wastebasket.

"Lots of people are careless about putting stamps on envelopes and paper wrappers. The result is that often before the stamp has been canceled it has fallen off and the letter is held up at the other end of the line until postage is paid.

"A great many more folks put on too much postage. They slap on two or three stamps to a package that requires only one. They are too busy or too indolent to take the trouble to have the package weighed and find out how much postage the package requires.

"If too little postage is put on a letter, Uncle Sam simply holds it up at the other end until the postage due has been paid. But if too much is put on Uncle Sam simply pockets the excess to which he is not entitled and says nothing."—Chicago Tribune.

WATCH THE CELLAR.

If Not Clean It Is a Breeding Place For Sickness.

Underground cellars ought to be done away with. They are relics of a dark age. More sickness originates in them, physicians claim, than anywhere else about the place. They cannot be kept in sanitary condition while vegetables are constantly decaying there. The place for a cellar is above ground and outside the dwelling. Leave the basement for the furnace, the coal bin and a general storeroom. An above ground cellar is more convenient in every way. Your vegetables can be stored with less than half the labor when you do not have to go up and down stairs with them. You can keep an above ground cellar clean with but little trouble, while the underground one, being difficult to get at, will be neglected nine times out of ten and allowed to become a source of infection to the family above it.

Ventilation and temperature are much more controllable in such a building than in an old fashioned underground cellar which obliges the housewife to open up so much frontage in cold weather. Keep the cellar sweet and clean and see that it is frequently aired.—Suburban Life.

A Mountain of Alum.

In China, twelve and a half miles from the village of Liouchok, there is a mountain of alum which in addition to being a natural curiosity is a source of wealth for the inhabitants of the country, who dig from it yearly tons of alum. The mountain is not less than ten miles in circumference at its base and has a height of 1,940 feet. The alum is obtained by quarrying large blocks of stone, which are first heated in great furnaces and then in vats filled with boiling water. The alum crystallizes out and forms a layer about six inches in thickness. This layer is subsequently broken up into blocks weighing about ten pounds each.

Travel as Teacher.

"Travel forms the young" is a French proverb. So it does, and it also helps a teacher to become formative. Travel is good for teachers professionally because travel is a teacher itself. But travel is good for everybody who is hale and sane. "There's fools in' fowk what never haves their toos off their doorsteps, little brother," a gypsy said to me forty years ago. I am glad I have never been one of those.—J. H. Yoxall, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

Not Superstitious.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the man who resents all superstition.

"No, suh," answered Erastus Pinkley. "An' all I'd hopin' is dat dem ghos'es will lemme stay dat way 'stid o' comin' 'roun' tryin' to convince me."—Washington Star.

A Different Proposition.

Pompous Director (dotly)—Why did you refuse to give my son a fair chance to show what he could do? Don't you believe in introducing young blood in the business? Superintendent—I do, but not young bloods.—Puck.

Out of the Usual.

"I have something novel in the way of a melodrama."

"State your case."

"The blacksmith is a rascal, while the banker is as honest as the day is long."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Outspoken.

Mrs. Garrulous—I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club this afternoon. Her Husband—I can't believe you. Who outspoke you, my dear?—London Mail.

Happy is the man who does all the good he talks of.—Italian Proverb.

Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$203,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business: no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORBES
JAMES A. McKEAN,
C. D. COMES
CHARLES McKEAN
H. H. REDFIELD

White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.
FISH
Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 11, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Sennemahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HAGGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

It looks now as though Wm. H. Taft would be nominated on the first ballot at the Chicago convention next week.

The explosion of a boiler tube on the armored cruiser Tennessee on Saturday on the Pacific coast, caused the death of seven of the crew. Seven more were seriously injured.

An attempt was made to kill Capt. Alfred Dreyfus in Paris last Thursday. He was shot twice in the left arm while attending the re-interment of the body of Emile Zola, the noted French writer. M. Gregori, military editor of Galois, a violently anti-Dreyfus newspaper, did the shooting. His wounds are not dangerous.

Sarah Koten, a Russian nurse 23 years old, laid in wait for eight hours before getting an opportunity to kill Dr. W. M. Auspitz in an apartment house in New York on Sunday. When he appeared she fired two shots from a revolver instantly killing him. She makes the "unwritten law" her defense. In police court she said: "I did not murder Dr. Auspitz. It was he who, in wronging me, murdered me. That's why I killed him. My mother and father are dead and I had to avenge myself. I tried the courts but could get no aid. Then I shot to kill."

The doings of the Prohibition party which met in Sayre last week and placed a full ticket in nomination, are not received very kindly by the Franklin Evening News, as it says: "The Prohibitionists had their State convention and it went well. There was the usual enthusiasm, the usual resolutions, the usual determination to stand by the guns until the last saloon surrenders. As usual, nothing was done towards co-operating with those who will vote for practical temperance legislation, the convention seeming, like other Prohibition conventions, to be most intent on getting the offices. The Prohibition party will do what it can to draw the local option vote from the party in power and thus delay the coming of that reform, but this is the traditional policy of that party and quite to be expected. The real motto of the party is not 'The saloon must go,' but 'We must rule.'"

The new highway law in New York state is the most important and far-reaching legislation act that has been enacted in the Empire State in many years and is certain to make that state the leader of the whole United States in good roads progress. The act provides in general for a unified system of road building, with reference to a well-planned network of roads, but leaves much of the present local initiative and control intact. Provision is made for four distinct classes of highways: trunk highways to connect important cities and to be built entirely by the state; county highways to connect the important points in each county, to be constructed at the joint expense of the state county and town; town highways to connect various points in each town with the county highways, to be paid for by the state and the town; local town roads, to be built entirely by the town. The new feature is the building of the main state roads at the cost of the state. There are 27 different routes to be followed by the trunk highways and many of them will be hundreds of miles long. Three different lines will lead out of New York city toward Albany and another will lead out of New York through the southern tier to Buffalo. These trunk highways will form the skeleton of the system. Each county will connect its leading trade centers with the trunk roads by lines which will be constructed at the joint expense of the state, county and town. To this will be added the short town roads, which will greatly amplify the system. Throughout the whole United States there is a rapidly increasing demand for good roads that will be permanent. The people are beginning to realize that bad roads are to-day our greatest handicap and practically the only thing in which we are behind the great countries. All the leading newspapers and magazines are using their best efforts for better roads and we as a people are rapidly realizing what a great benefit good roads are to any community. In nearly every State every session of the legislative bodies brings forth better laws and larger appropriations for this cause. Another decade will bring forth great improvement in roads throughout this country and we hope the old Keystone State will not be in the rear of the procession in this enterprise. Already we are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year in permanent highway improvement and this sum should be materially increased every year until every public highway in the Commonwealth is put in good condition for travel at any time of the year.

What's in a Name?

"Come here, Bates!" roared Dr. Bigwig, head and only master of the Cranton village school. "I have today received a letter from Mr. Johnson informing me that his son is unable to attend school in consequence of a thrashing you yesterday inflicted upon him. Is this a fact, Bates?"

"N-no, sir!" quailed Bates. "I never touched him."

But Dr. Bigwig did not believe, and two minutes later Bates was asking for permission to stand up in class, the benches being of wood.

On the following day Johnson returned and Dr. Bigwig sought justification of his act before the whole class.

"Did you tell your father that Bates thrashed you?" he asked.

"No, sir," piped the youth.

The master's countenance clouded.

"But your father wrote to me, saying that Bates did it!" he thundered.

"I know 'e did!" salveled Johnson. "It were Billy Beauchamp did it, sir, but father couldn't spell Beauchamp, so he wrote Bates."—London Answers.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and blood act directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Tired mothers, worn out by peevish, cross babies have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by I. K. Hogarth.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man-Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Report of the Condition

—OF—

THE HAMLIN BANK & TRUST COMPANY OF SMETHPORT, PA., NO. 100 MAIN STREET, OF MCKEAN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MAY 19, 1908.

RESOURCES.

Reserve fund,		
Cash, specie and notes	$17898 10	
Due from approved reserve agents	57930 25	$75828 05
Checks and cash items		1403 80
Due from Banks and Trust Co's, not reserve agents		162 91
Commercial and other papers purchased		210046 83
Time loans upon collateral		262584 01
Loans secured by bonds and mortgages		118489 70
Investment securities owned exclusive of reserve bonds, viz:		
Stocks, bonds, etc.	$157000 00	
Mortgages and judgments of record	33847 85	190847 85
Real estate		17223 04
Furniture and fixtures		2828 29
Overdrafts		394 50
		$879804 08

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$200000 00
Surplus fund		100000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		34448 09
Deposits, subject to check, and due to the Commonwealth	$278028 07	
Deposits, special	267277 48	545306 25
Dividends unpaid		10 00
Treasurers and certified checks outstanding		101 00
		$879804 08

CORPORATE TRUSTS.

Total amount (i. e. face value) of Trusts under deeds of trust or mortgages executed by Corporations to the Company as Trustee to secure issue of corporate bonds, including Equipment Trusts $65000 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } ss:
COUNTY OF MCKEAN, }

I, Ralph E. Burdick Treasurer of the above named Company, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

(Signed,) RALPH E. BURDICK,
Treasurer.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1908.

(Signed,) HALLIE WALKER,
Notarial Seal. Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:

(Signed,) HENRY HAMLIN,
CHAS. MCKEAN,
F. D. GALLUP,
Directors.

Olean's Big Department Store.

A Great Purchase of Wash Goods from Arnold & Company's Auction Sale.

SALE NOW ON!

Our buyer was at this great Auction Sale in New York a few days ago--bids were few and prices very low. We obtained the best of fabrics and the prettiest patterns.

Of course you get the benefit of this remarkable purchase and you will buy fabrics cheaper than ever before.

Below are a few quotations from the lot:

Arnold's 25c Foulards at	18c	2500 Lonsdale Muslin, Value 12½, Saturday	8 1-2
1 case of 12c Dress Ginghams, good styles	8 1-2	15c and 18c Batiste, pretty patterns, at	12c
20c White Dotted Swiss	15c	Arnold's 25c Printed Silk Tissues	16 1-2
25c White India Linen at	18 1-2	15c and 18c Percales, best grade	12c
1 Lot of 8c Lawns, Light Grounds and Challies	5c	15c White India Linen at	10c
Arnold's 28 in. Batiste Worth 12½c a yard	8 1-2	15 Colors of Seco Silk, Regular 50c, sale price	39c
Arnold's Soie and Spuler Silk, Value 50c	29c	15c and 20c Swiss Plumetis Batiste, at	15c
25c Linen Finish Shrunk Cotton Suiting, 36 in.	15c		

BELL BROTHERS

Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD Bulletin.

JUNE ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Restful, delightful, interesting, and instructive, there is no trip like that on the Great Lakes, those inland seas which form the border line between the United States and Canada. And June is one of the most charming months of the year in which to take the trip.

For comfort the fine passenger steamships of the Anchor Line have no superiors. As well-appointed as the palatial ocean greyhounds which plow the Atlantic, their schedule allows sufficient time at all stopping places to enable the traveler to see something of the great lake cities and to view in daylight the most distinctive sights of the lakes, and the scenery which frames them.

The trip through the Detroit River, and through Lake St. Clair, with its great ship canal in the middle of the lake, thence through Lake Huron, the locking of the steamer through the great locks at the Soo, and the passage of the Portage Entry, lake and canal, across the upper end of Michigan are novel and interesting features.

The voyage from Buffalo to Duluth covers over eleven hundred miles in the five days' journey. Leaving Buffalo the steamships Juniata and Tionesta, make stops at Erie, Cleveland, Detroit, Mackinac Island, the Soo, Marquette, Houghton and Hancock, and Duluth.

The 1908 season opens on June 16, when the Steamer Tionesta will make her first sailing from Buffalo.

The Anchor Line is the Great Lake Annex of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the service measures up to the high standard set by the "Standard Railroad of America."

An illustrated folder, giving sailing dates of steamers, rates of fare, and other information is in course of preparation, and may be obtained when ready from any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent, who is also prepared to book passengers who may desire to take this trip through the Great Lakes and back.

Ordinance No. 76.

AN ORDINANCE ADOPTING, CONFIRMING AND ACCEPTING THE MAPS, PLANS, PROFILE AND SPECIFICATIONS MADE BY ENGINEER A. F. BANNON, FOR THE GRADING, PAVING AND CURBING OF A PORTION OF MAIN STREET BETWEEN MCCOY'S CORNERS, AND LONG STREET AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES INCONSISTENT HEREWITH.

Sect. 1. Be it enacted and it is hereby ordained by the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Smethport, that the maps, plans, profile and specifications for the grading, paving and curbing of a portion of Main street between McCoy's Corners and Long street, made by Engineer A. F. Bannon and now on file with the Secretary of the Council of said Borough, be, and the same are hereby adopted, ratified, confirmed and accepted.

Sect. 2. All ordinances or parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Attest: ..... President of Council.

Secretary of Council.

Approved this ... day of ..... A. D. 1908.

..... Burgess.

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burr Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

New Spring Hats
Swell Clothing
New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

FRESH GREEN GOODS

ONIONS	LETTUCE
RADISHES	CUCUMBERS
CELERY	SPINACH
TOMATOES	STRAWBERRIES

Fresh Every Day at

ANDORFER & LYLE'S Grocery

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery,
Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for
We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

NEW GROCERY MANAGEMENT.

Having purchased the Grocery Business of A. E. Foster & Co., I am prepared to cater to all of the former customers, also to all new ones that are looking for the best of goods at the lowest prices.

Oscar Engstrom.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m,
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Do you know

that I am now prepared to furnish you with some of the finest and most modern

Photographs

over made in this vicinity? I am making all the popular styles from the largest sizes to the smallest, and a trial sitting will convince you that my work is strictly first class.

I will gladly give you a sitting at any time and if you are not perfectly satisfied with the proofs it costs you nothing.

Curt Witherow

East Main St.
Smethport, Pa.

H. C. BEMIS

Fine Interior Trim and Stair Work

Planing Mill & Retail Lumber

Estimates furnished from plans and specifications

Inquiries and inspection solicited.

Both Phones

Hilton St. Bradford, Penna

The Lindholm Co.

SHIRT WAISTS.

The complete line of Waists on our counters at just one-half price. Not all sizes in every style but all sizes in the line, and every one worth more than you pay.

There is a reason for this: We wish to move every Waist off the counters and the price will move them and move them quickly. If you need a Waist, or several Waists, see these. They will please you.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

LAWN MOWERS.

Ball Bearing, Adjusted Rollers, and Self-Sharpening Knives. Our stock comprises the best Mowers on the market. The old reliable Pennsylvania, the standard for 25 years. The Harvard, Clear Cut, Cornell and others.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 11, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The fourth of July is only three weeks away.

—After June 31st the postoffice at Derrick City will be discontinued.

—Samuel E. Bell's new Olds mobile arrived last evening and is a beauty.

—Walter S. Hubbard, a well known Olean lawyer, died Saturday in Buffalo.

—A splendid remedy for keeping cool is advertised by Monheimer on this page.

—Bell Bros. of Olean, have a large and interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Some decided improvements are being made in the condition of Water street.

—The first race meet this year in Bradford will take place July 1, 2, 3 and 4.

—Port Allegany, Mt. Jewett and Mt. Alton will celebrate the Fourth of July this year.

—The Bridge Whist club met at the home of Mrs. R. J. Gleason yesterday afternoon.

—Chadwick's orchestra furnished music for a dance held at Simpson last Friday night.

—Remember the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the M. E. chapel at 2:30 Wednesday, June 17.

—The Grange National Bank declared a 8 per cent. semi-annual dividend yesterday, payable July 1st.

—Children's Day exercises will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning. June 14th.

—The cut glass factory is increasing its working force and expects in a short time to be running to its full capacity.

—Gilbert A. Palmatier and Hazel L. Carpenter of Coudersport were married by Rev. W. A. Harris on Wednesday morning.

—Hon. Geo. C. Fagnan, who has been seriously ill for some time at his home in Bradford, has sufficiently recovered to be out.

—Sheriff G. W. Mitchell and deputies accompanied fifteen criminals to the Western penitentiary at Allegheny Wednesday.

—The dance given by the Senior class at the Lyceum last Monday evening after the commencement exercises was a great success.

—The dance given at the Lyceum last Saturday night was a great success. The attendance was unusually large and all had a delightful time.

—The street sprinkler is again doing business on Main street and everybody regardless of party or other political affiliations welcomes this "water wagon."

—Frank Reynolds has purchased the Cleveland farm near the County Home, and intends raising sheep on a larger scale than is the custom in this section.

—Mrs. Theresan Scheibner, who died recently at Germania, Potter county, was the grandparent of twenty-two grandchildren and thirty-two great-grandchildren.

—Jack Butler of Bradford was brought to this place Saturday and placed in jail. He is charged with the larceny of four chickens from Mrs. Mary Ryan of Bennett street.

—Russell Sage, the young American actor, and Miss Pauline Weston of Charleston, S. C., were married yesterday. Miss Weston is one of the society leaders of that city and recently inherited a large fortune.

—Smethport has 21 automobiles representing a cash investment of over $40,000 and no garage or repair shop. It seems to us that there is an excellent opening here for some good mechanic to get into a paying business.

—Allan Park is enjoying a few days fishing trip on the East Branch of Potato creek in company with William O'Rielly. They left town last night at mid-night expecting to camp out to-night and return home to-morrow laden with fish and stories.

—Sheriff George W. Mitchell left on Tuesday for Warren, taking with him John Olson, the man who killed his nine-year-old daughter at Wetmore last February. Olson was adjudged insane last week and will be confined in the asylum at North Warren.

—On Saturday last Otto Mader caught the largest trout ever landed in this vicinity. It was of the rainbow variety and weighed four and three-quarters pounds. It was taken from the river near the Wade House, this side of the tannery.—Potter County Journal.

—Our burgess and council should take steps at once to prevent the blocking of our main thoroughfare by railroad trains. It is almost a daily occurrence for a train on the P., S. & N. to block either Mechanic or Marvin streets or both for from fifteen minutes to half an hour, compelling vehicles and pedestrians to wait the leisure convenience of this railroad to clear the way. This condition has been growing steadily worse for some time until now we think it is the duty of the burgess to take immediate steps to remedy it.

—Miss Eva Hopper graduated this week from the Mt. Jewett High School with second honors. Miss Hopper formerly lived in Smethport and has many friends here who tender congratulations on the success and honors so deservedly won by this popular young lady.

—Fred W. Backus was admitted to practice in the McKean County Courts on Thursday of last week. He has been in the law office of Gorton & Richmond for the past three years, going through the preparatory course. As yet Mr. Backus has not decided where he will open an office.

—The Interstate League, composed of Olean, Bradford, Oil City, Franklin, Warren and Erie ball teams, passed away quietly on Sunday. The cause of its demise was lack of financial nutrition. The Erie baseball fans will now organize and go into the Ohio & Pennsylvania League.

—Mrs. Arnold Addy, who has previously sung here, will give a concert in the Methodist Episcopal church next Tuesday evening. Mrs. Bronson of Franklinville will play the accompaniments for Mrs. Addy, and local talent will assist. Admission 25 and 15 cents. The concert is given under the direction of the Epworth League.

—Steady, continuous and aggressive newspaper advertising is the kind that pays. What would you think of a merchant who kept a sign over his door but six months in the year? That is the way some merchants conduct their newspaper advertising. It is the steady drop, drop of the water that wears away the stone. The steady hammering of advertising finally forges success.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Herbert Smith, the Crosby boy who was arrested for horse stealing, was tried last week in juvenile court and placed on probation. John C. Brennuman, superintendent of the County Home was appointed probation officer and has taken charge of the little fellow. Herbert is a bright little fellow and we trust that now he is started on the right road, he will grow up to useful manhood.

—Lizzie Best had the middle and ring fingers of one of her hands amputated at the Kane Summit hospital yesterday. It seems that she got her hand caught in a pressing machine while working in a plant at Perry, N. Y., several days ago. Gangrene set in and the amputation was necessary to save the remainder of the hand.—Friday's Kane Republican. Miss Best has many friends in this place who will be sorry to hear of her misfortune.

—The Potter county piscatorial record was broken Monday morning by Robert Stroup of this borough, when he caught from one hole five speckled trout each of which measured not less than twelve inches in length and two which were seven inches in length. Heretofore Mrs. Stroup, who is conceded to be the most successful lady angler in the county, held a record superior to her husband, but his last performance put him in the lead.—Potter Democrat.

—The Hazelhurst National Bank has decided to wind up its business and close the transactions of that town not being large enough to justify a continuance of the same. While the business affairs will be liquidated in regular order, the business will be mainly transferred to the Mt. Jewett National Bank. Those who have stock in the Hazelhurst bank will be given a proportionate amount in the Mt. Jewett bank, which leaves the transaction very nearly in the form of a consolidation, beyond the fact that there will be no increase of capital stock in the Mt. Jewett bank.—Bradford Record.

—Mrs. O. M. Carr, Mrs. E. E. Buell, Mrs. J. A. Tuelon, Mrs. Charles Richmond, Mrs. William Meatman, Mrs. George W. Webb, Mrs. D. S. Loveless and Mrs. James Cockran were the guests yesterday of Mrs. F. P. Isherwood of Smethport, returning home last evening. During the day the ladies were pleasantly entertained. They visited the court house in the morning and at noon had dinner at the Wright House. During the afternoon Mrs. Isherwood invited some of her Smethport friends and a social time was enjoyed until 4:30, when luncheon was served.—Friday's Bradford Star.

Personal Mention.

G. W. Mitchell was in Bradford Tuesday.

W. Z. Georgia of Olean was in town this week.

F. D. Gallup had business in Bradford Monday.

C. T. McGee of Bradford was in town Monday.

G. B. Mayo was in Coudersport on business this week.

Oscar Carlson spent Sunday with friends at Roulette.

O. Hazelton of Bradford was in town Monday on buisness.

Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa had business in town on Monday.

E. J. Brasted of Kane was calling on friends in town this week.

Misses Frances and Ora Campbell were in Bradford this week.

Mrs. Elsworth Perry of Kasson visited relatives in town Wednesday.

Wallace Randall of Hazelhurst was in town a few days this week.

Hon. James A. McKean was in Bradford the fore part of this week.

Mrs. F. O. Pierce left Wednesday for a short visit with Olean friends.

Mrs. C. A. Anderson of Colegrove was visiting relatives in town this week.

L. Hopper, Sr., of Mt. Jewett was calling on friends in town Saturday.

Byron Ely of Ridgway was among the out of town guests at the Senior ball.

Mrs. Harry Hafner of Clermont was the guest of relatives in town yesterday.

Dr. W. A. Ostrander left Sunday for Philadelphia to attend his class reunion.

Lawrence Coleman of Port Allegany is the guest of his cousin, Viola Badger.

Mrs. N. Cummings of Olean was the guest of Miss Sylvia Lawrence Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy of Port Allegany were in town the first of the week.

Miss Eva Hopper of Mt. Jewett was visiting friends in town the first of the week.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence was the guest of Kane friends from Saturday until Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McAlee of Johnsonburg are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Kate Christly of Colegrove was visiting friends in town Friday and Saturday.

T. M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett while in town Tuesday was a pleasat caller at this office.

Mrs. Agnes McIntyre of Kane was a guest of her cousin, Miss Belva Gerritt, this week.

Former County Commissioner James Biggins of Eldred had business in town on Monday.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett spent Sunday in town, the guest of relatives.

Mrs. F. J. Campbell of Kane is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brenneman.

Mrs. L. D. Gifford left Friday for a week's visit with her daughter, Theo, at Williamsport.

Editor Boller of the Port Allegany Argus was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Mrs. Carroll and daughter, Belle, of Cambridge Springs is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. S. Bayle.

Miss Mabel Appleton of Pittsburg has been the guest of Mrs. D. L. Forsythe for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister of Colegrove attended the commencement exercises Monday.

W. A. Anderfor left Monday for a two week's visit at his former home, South Vineland, N. J.

Miss Alice Hurley of Punxsutawney was the guest of Miss Katherine Hubbard the first of the week.

Miss Florence Grosbeck has returned to her home in Roulette. She has been the guest of Miss Katherine Stickler.

Hon. J. W. Houton left Monday for Meadville to assist Judge Prather in holding court for Crawford county this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Eastman and daughter, Dorothy, left Wednesday for a visit with Bradford relatives and friends.

Mrs. Emmet Burdick left for her home in Pittsburg the first of this week. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Burdick while here.

Miss Myrtle Hinman was in Wellsville, N. Y., Friday, Saturday and Sunday attending the Olean District Epworth League convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Erhart and son, Roswell of Colegrove were in attendance at the commencement exercises at the Lyceum Monday evening.

W. W. Swalley, Dr. Beatty, Dr. Slaughenhaupt, Dr. Hickman and Fred Truman of Kane came over in Mr. Swalley's car Friday morning, returning in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted, Miss Zeta Brasted, Miss Ruth Holmes and Tom Cole, came up from Smethport Thursday by the auto route, the young ladies remaining for the commencement exercises, while the others returned home during the evening.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Lost

On Main street between Wright House and postoffice, a Roman gold knot with pearl in centre. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Lock Box 86.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdveint.

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THE BEST REMEDY

for keeping cool—wear one of our

50c or $1.00 Shirts.

Our 50c shirts are as well fitting as any $1.00 Shirt. We have a fine selection of this kind—though we have made a special effort to give to our patrons

A DOLLAR SHIRT

like the other stores usually charge $1.50 and sometimes more. We have all colors in Silk, Chambry and Madras—with or without Collars attached—at

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Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

HOT WEATHER HELPS.

Make your porches comfortable for the Summer. More than half the people miss the real good of a veranda for lack of shades and matting. Perhaps you too are one of the loosers, and have not learned what a delightful place the veranda may be turned into with only a modest amount of money.

VUDOR PORCH SHADES.

They are made of thin slats of wood woven in a way to shut out the sun and seclude the porch and at the same time allow a free circulation of the breezes. They may be raised and lowered at will. We believe them to be the most practical and durable article of this sort made.

All sizes—prices complete. $2.00 to $5.00.

GRASS MATTING.

2 yards wide, per yard $1.00. 1 yard wide at 40c

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

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Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE CASH GROCERY

COFFEE FROM 15c TO 35c PER LB.

Our Canned Goods are all O. K. in price and quality. Try them.

Corn	10c and 12c
Peas	11c " 13c
Tomatoes	10c " 12c

Other goods equally as low in price. Potatoes now selling at 90c bushel.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

At the End of the Lower Level.

By AZILE AIDYL.

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"My heaven!" said old Sinclair as he rose impatiently from the table and reached for his hat. "If only I was strong enough to work it I'd risk the cave-in, put up a drill there at the end of the lower level and bore through that confounded rock myself, and the timber gang c'd go to"—

The door slammed, and his daughter heard him stride on down the trail leading to the mine.

Helen did not wonder at the outburst of temper. Her father had sunk his last dollar in this mine, and now with riches—as he confidently believed—almost within his grasp the timber gang refused to work without their last month's pay.

It was impossible to "drift" without them. The mine was unsafe and liable to cave without the support of the big timbers. Sinclair was confident that once through this wall of slate which they had struck in the lower level he would find again the rich ledge which had suddenly stopped 200 feet above. Then wages would be paid with interest.

To Mason, the owner of the adjoining mine, he had said, "Any darn fool knows that a high grade four foot ledge isn't going to stop off short, as though cut in two with a saw, unless old nature's had a spasm and in twisting things about given this slate a chance to wedge itself in."

And now as he swung on down the steep trail he met Mason coming up.

"Things have come to a crisis there, I hear," said the latter, nodding his head in the direction of the mine, "and I'd like to talk to you about it before you go down."

"The miners will not work without the protection of the timbers. I believe you are nearer through that slate than you realize. I was down in the drift today, and the character of the rock is changing. It's quite possible that one more day's work would bring you to the quartz, but the men have quit and you are helpless. What I want to propose is that you let me go down there and work for two or three days." "No, no," as Sinclair raised his hand to protest; "it's all right. There is less danger of a cave-in with only one drill at work. Let me try it for a couple of days anyway."

"It's exactly what I would do myself if I was equal to it," said Sinclair, "but it's a big thing for me to accept from you, Mason. If anything went wrong I"—

"Nonsense! It won't go wrong. It's only giving me a chance to prove I am right. And no one need know what I am doing. I'd a little rather you would not speak of it, particularly to Helen. Just a notion. And now I'd like to begin this work tonight."

Sinclair simply grasped his hand. Then together they strode down to the mine.

Everything was quiet. The pounding of the stamps had ceased. The only sign of activity was in the engine room, where the engineer was, as usual, pumping the water out of the shaft.

Sinclair motioned to him. The huge "bucket" poised at the mouth of the shaft. They stepped well on to the center, holding to the rope, and began their descent. Down, down, past the different levels, which were swallowed up in inky blackness, the bucket glided noiselessly on, the only sound being the drip-dripping of the water as it percolated through the timbers lining the shaft.

At last they came to a standstill 1,000 feet below. Sinclair reached over and pressed a button at the side of the shaft, and the entire tunnel was ablaze with electric lights, stretched along its roof.

The two men traversed the entire length of the tunnel to the end of the "stope," where the miners had ceased work a few hours before. Sinclair helped Mason to get the Burleigh into position, and then, saying he himself would remain at the engine through the night in case Mason wanted help, he walked through to the shaft and signaled to be hoisted above.

Mason worked until early morning, set off his blasts and went home for a few hours' rest. Returning at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, he saw that his work of the night before had uncovered rich gold bearing quartz. He chipped off a piece and put it in his pocket, and then, intensely excited, he pushed the car, filled with the worthless slate, along the track to the crosscut, where an enormous bulkhead support was being built with the "waste."

Mason deposited his load on the "dump" and turned to push back when he heard an appalling roar, but only for a fraction of a second, then a tremendous crash, and he felt himself hurled with terrific force against the bulkhead, and all was blank.

* * * * * * * *

Up on the hill at the Sinclair cottage Helen had just returned from her ride, but she lingered, chatting with her father, and feeding Sultan his usual lumps of sugar. Suddenly they heard a dull, muffled boom.

Sinclair turned ghastly white as he exclaimed:

"My God—a cave!"

"Oh, dad, thank heaven the men quit work! There's no one in the mine."

"But there is!" Mason's there!" cried Sinclair as he rapidly tightened the girth of Sultan's saddle. "He thought he could bore through that wall himself. He's been there since yesterday. He asked me not to tell you."

And the old man sprang into the saddle.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

were going to tell me how you feel about him."

Immediately Katherine dropped her frivolous mood and became thoughtful.

"When he's talking, quietly, he might just as well be any man, as I told you, but when he sings, well"—

"Well?"

"I almost feel that my prince has come," breathed Katherine ecstatically.

"H'm! Very romantic," was Carrington's chilling comment. "When will you see him again?"

"Not for a week. He was to go up to town on important business," sighed Katherine.

"Well, off to bed with you now, my child," ordered the stern guardian, "and may some good fairy tell you how to know the real prince when he comes."

A week later to a night Carrington again sat listening to Dunton's full magnetic voice as, with seductive ease, it glided through one love sing after another to Katherine's sympathetic accompaniment.

Suddenly there came a pause in the singing—a long pause. Carrington waited for the sound of talking, but the silence was unbroken.

Without stopping to weigh the justice of motive or consequences, he jumped up determinedly and made a dramatic entree into the music room.

Dunton, startled, straightened himself stiffly. He had been leaning over Katherine, looking into her eyes with passionate pleading.

"This business must stop right here," commanded Carrington, looking Dunton squarely in the eye.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Carrington," replied Dunton haughtily. "If you have been eavesdropping you could have heard nothing, for nothing has been said."

"No; that's just the trouble," retorted Carrington hotly. "Nothing has been said. Miss Searle is my ward, as you know, and it is my duty to protect her from such sorcerers as you. I happen to know that, like the carefully guarded ladies in the fairy tales, she is waiting for her prince to come"—here Carrington smiled down upon Katherine gently and placed his arm about her—"a real prince, Mr. Dunton. They wear many disguises, you know, and the lady's protector has to be on the alert."

Dunton turned ashy white.

"I trust that she may find her real prince," he answered scornfully and walked angrily from the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away Katherine flung both her warm white arms around Carrington's neck. Her eyes were full of shining tears, but her lips were smiling.

"Guardy," she said softly, "I have found my prince!"

"Katherine, you don't mean"—began Carrington joyfully.

"Yes—Jack—I do."

"And so," said Jack lovingly, after he had kissed her until she protested, "this is the end of the fairy story?"

"Oh, no!" laughed Katherine softly. "They lived happily ever after, you know."

Exercise or Die.

Every man and woman must do some muscular work or take equivalent exercise, else they will die long before their natural time. And if one's vocation involves the use of only one set of muscles work must be found for the other muscles else the individual becomes disproportionate in form and eventually a prey to disease.

A bodycarrier, who is required to use nearly all his muscles, exerting himself close to the limit of his strength for many hours daily, never gives any thought to artificial exercise, for he has no need of any. But the professional man, the clerk, the typist and the saleswoman—all these find little real use for the muscles in their daily employment, and they require to take up some system of physical exercise to maintain normal health. Then there are factory operatives and the toilers in various trades, whose work brings into play certain sets of muscles, while others are out of use. These require exercise adapted to giving employment to the neglected muscles. There is also a class of wealthy people who do no regular work of any kind, who require to follow some strength giving sport in lieu of work. At the opposite extreme is a class of athletes who make a business of artificial exercise and build themselves up into mountains of muscle. These almost invariably overdo and in consequence suffer later.—Charles H. Cochrane in Metropolitan Magazine.

A Real Fire Engine.

In all the varied list of curious causes of fires perhaps the most absurd was the source of a conflagration that occurred in Worcestershire, England, in 1902. The Worcester Insurance company decided to change its fire engine from a horse drawn vehicle to one operated by a motor. The work was not quite completed when the company received warning of a fire which had broken out on a farm at nearby Kempsey village. However, the engine was in sufficient running order to be sent on forthwith under the action of the newly installed motor.

Unhappily the engine's funnel had not been protected by a spark protector. As a result the trail of the snorting mechanism was embellished with a gorgeous train of sparks. These in lay the cause of trouble. In a lane the fire engine met a wagon loaded with straw, which it promptly set on fire. Unheeding, it hurried on its way and in its course presently ignited some stacks which bordered on the road. It still pushed on relentlessly, however, and came to a standstill only when the water tube of the motor burst. It was still some hundreds of yards from its destination, and there it remained ingloriously helpless while the fire at the farm burned itself out.—Boston Post.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A BURMESE RAT TRAP.

The Rodents Will Eagerly Enter It and Cannot Get Out.

Rats may readily be induced to jump or drop into any receptacle, especially if it affords them adequate concealment, and they do this without one lingering suspicion of their inability to reach the only existing outlet when the time for retreat approaches.

Thus traps on this principle may readily be designed and are obviously preferable to our rat traps where the animals are numerous.

In Burma, where the rats are a perfect pest, they use a jar trap, which is thus described by a traveler:

"The common Ingu jar I used was about one and a half or two feet deep and fourteen or fifteen inches broad, and a hole was punched in the shoulder just large enough for a rat to enter.

"There was about six or seven inches of paddy (rice in husk) in the jar, which was then buried to within about eight inches of the top. The mouth of the jar was then closed with a board and a stone.

"A quantity of old timber joists and straw were in the outhouse and no end of rat holes everywhere around."

With this contrivance he caught seventy-two rats in one night. The rats can readily enter, but they cannot climb the smooth sides of the jar to escape.—London Family Herald.

A FIREPROOF TREE.

The Chaparro, One of South America's Natural Curiosities.

On the vast plains of Columbia and the north of South America, called savannas, which are parched with heat except during the rainy season, there is one of the greatest of natural curiosities, a tree called the chaparro, which is fireproof.

It is the custom of the Columbian herdsmen to clear the ground by means of fire for the new vegetation which springs up so luxuriantly in these regions after the rainy season. But not even the fiercest heat of a prairie fire affects the chaparro tree. It survives the flames to afford a welcome shade in an otherwise treeless country.

It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet. It owes its curious immunity from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure.

The natives believe that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below, and it certainly is common in auriferous districts.—Westminster Gazette.

False Hair.

False hair was first regularly worn in England by Queen Elizabeth, who had upward of fifty wigs of different kinds for her private use. After her death a few women adopted the French fashion of wearing wigs, but it was not until the restoration that wigs, or, more correctly speaking, peri wigs, came to be extensively worn by the sterner sex. These were introduced in the court of Louis XIV., where a natural head of hair was not considered sufficiently luxuriant for the artificial tastes of the times. The term "periwig" is a corruption of the French perruque. Wigs were originally adopted not as a remedy for baldness, but in the interest of personal cleanliness. The laws of ancient Egypt compelled all males to shave the head and beard. This explains why turbans were not worn by the Egyptians, the bushy artificial hair being regarded as a sufficient protection against the heat of the sun. The Romans, on the contrary, wore wigs because they were naturally bald.—St. Louis Republic.

What Displeased Him.

Two hunters were making their way across a lush meadow after a rain. The ground was moist and soggy, but their feet by quick stepping could be prevented from sinking more than an inch deep.

Suddenly the one in advance disappeared, up to his neck in a narrow stream that, owing to the luxuriant growth on the bank, he had observed only as he stepped into it. With difficulty he pulled himself out and began wringing the water from his garments.

"Well, darn a country," he remarked, with feeling, "where they set their creeks up edgewise and hide 'em in the grass."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dreamers.

There was never so much need for real dreamers as there is today. The business man, caring only for "his beef, his beer and his pew in eternity," will laugh scornfully and want to know how his balance sheet would appear did he give way to dreaming, forgetting that his operations originated years ago in the vaguest visions; also that happiness is not a necessary compliment of a heavy cash box.—London Academy.

Can't Afford Him Now.

Lily Bell—No, Rufus, Ah can't marry yo' jest yet awhile. Y'll hab to wait. Rufus—Why for mus' I wait, Lily Bell? Lily Bell—'Cause three of the families hahngin' washes for done quit her, an' now she scarcely makes 'nough to support me an' paw.—Judge.

The Source Told All.

"What'd Jimmy give yer for yer birthday?"

"This here brass ring."

"How'd yer know it ain't nothin' but brass?"

"He give it to me."—Cleveland Leader.

There are nettles, every-where—but the smooth green grasses are more common still.—Mrs. Browning.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

FOR REALISM.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Injunction to a Small Nephew at Play.

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known, according to the New York Sun, is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong.

When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit propped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that the bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make believe games and insist that they be carried out too.

One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, encountered pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively heave under his feet.

Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing himself the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest.

This was too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sickbed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain: "Swim, ——— you, swim!"

A WARM RECEPTION.

He Gave the Hungry Preacher an Appetite For Dinner.

Before accepting an invitation it is as well to be sure it is given in good faith. After an afternoon service held many years ago in a certain village in Scotland the preacher, a stranger, who had officiated, accompanied one of the elders of the congregation home and was introduced to his wife. The good man having asked the clergyman to stay to dinner, the latter, after a little pressing, consented.

The good lady hurried off to prepare for the unexpected guest, and, seeing as she thought, her husband washing, as was the custom in those days, at the family sink, she seized the family Bible, approached stealthily from behind and brought down the poor man upon his bald pate, exclaiming:

"Tak' ye that for bringing hungry preachers here to dinner every time they come to the parish."

As soon as the assaulted one could get the suds out of his eyes he looked about him and, after thinking the matter out, concluded that the old lady had made a slight mistake. She too came to the same conclusion when, on returning to the parlor, she beheld her husband patiently waiting for his reverend friend.—London Advertiser.

Artificial Teeth.

It is certain that the ancients had a knowledge of dentistry, but it is difficult to determine when or by whom the use of artificial teeth was introduced. Herodotus says that the Egyptians had dentists for the teeth. In the British museum there are various dental instruments which had been found in the ruins of Pompeii, and Galen in the second century describes the method of extracting teeth by means of forceps. Belzoni says that artificial teeth were in use in antiquity, since he found some specimens in the catacombs.

Modern dentistry admits that the first to teach how to make artificial teeth was the Arabian Albucasis, and in his work "Al Tarif" are drawings of instruments used for this purpose.

The earliest known allusion to artificial tooth is by Martialis in the first century:

You use without a blush false teeth and hair.
But, Laclin, your aquist is past repair.
—Minneapolis Journal.

Won In Spite of His Lawyer.

A once well known attorney used to tell a good story on himself. He had been retained to defend a counterfeiter and advised him to plead guilty. His client did so and as there was in the mind of the court a fixed idea that if a prisoner pleads guilty he does so because he has no attorney the judge asked him why he made that plea.

"Because my lawyer told me to."

"Did he give you any reason for it?"

"Yes. He told me I would have no show before this judge."

The court flared up and ordered a plea of not guilty to be entered, and the counterfeiter was acquitted.

Memory.

If it should be asked what possession I most valued, I would say some beautiful memory. Memory is possession. It is the only thing on earth that is absolutely ours, which no one can take from us. We can produce and enjoy it in a crowd of unsympathetic people as easily as if we were alone. No noise can drown its voice; no distance can dim its clearness. Strength, hope, beauty, everything else, may pass. Memory will stay.—Selected.

The Ignorance of Youth.

She—You said that I was necessary to your happiness. He—I was young then and very ignorant. I had no conception of relative values. She—What do you mean? He—I mean that I didn't know a necessity from an affliction.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Worse Than Waiting.

"Are you waiting for me, dear?" she said, coming downstairs at last, fixing her hat.

"Waiting?" exclaimed the impatient man. "No; not waiting, sojourning."—Yonkers Statesman.

Look forward, not backward. Do not repay slander with slander. If a serpent stings you, do not bite back at him.—Exchange.

A POOR GROCER.

Audubon's Lame Attempt to Succeed as a Merchant.

It is not generally remembered that the worldwide reputation of Audubon as a naturalist incidentally is due to his failure to establish himself permanently as a Missouri grocery merchant and dealer in the best brands of Kentucky whisky.

In 1810 he and Ferdinand Rozier of St. Genevieve loaded a keel boat at Louisville, Ky., with 310 barrels of whisky and groceries and started down the Ohio and Mississippi to St. Genevieve to open a grocery store. The trip was made during the winter, and the streams were so full of ice that the boat was drawn up against the bank and winter quarters were established just below Cape Girardeau. When St. Genevieve was reached, after the opening of navigation, the firm of Audubon & Rozier opened their store and did a prosperous business. But the business was done by Rozier, for Audubon preferred the woods to the counter and devoted more of his time to sketching and stuffing birds than he did to marketing the 310 barrels of Kentucky bourbon or any other groceries. This led to a dissolution of the partnership. On April 11, 1811, Audubon, convinced of his unfitness for business, sold out to Rozier and took up the work for which he was better fitted than any one who had lived before or who has lived since and from a fourth rate grocer became the great ornithologist. The grocery business which Audubon abandoned grew until finally it "extended throughout all of upper Louisiana."—Kansas City Star.

A WOMAN OF QUICK WIT.

Susan B. Anthony Never Lacked a Ready Reply.

Few lives so lend themselves to dramatic narration as Susan B. Anthony's says the Dellanator. It ranged from tragedy to comedy, with scattered bits of melodrama, she ever in the center of the stage. With her everything was always intensely realistic—not acting.

Miss Anthony had a peculiar facility of condensing a whole speech into a single sentence. For instance, when she heard men lamenting that the profession of teacher was not respected as much as the other professions, "Do you not see that so long as society says woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, lawyer or minister, but has plenty to be a teacher, every man of you who condescends to teach lacking admits before all heard and the sun that he has no more brains than a woman?" And when Horace Greeley said to her at Albany, "You know the ballot and bullet go together. If you vote, are you ready to fight?" instantly she retorted, "Yes, Mr. Greeley, just as you fought in the late war—at the point of a goose quill!" Again, when she was talking on divorce and the Rev. A. D. Mayo, thinking to annihilate her, said "You are married, you have no business to be discussing marriage." "Well, Mr. Mayo," she answered, "you are not a slave; suppose you quit lecturing on slavery?"

His Support.

A young colored man in Washington who passed with credit a civil service examination was immediately certified for appointment to the treasury department. His old mother, a darky of the antebellum type, insisted upon accompanying him to witness his taking of the oath of office. When the official charged with the swearing in of the new clerk put to him the usual formula with reference to "supporting the constitution of the United States" the old lady's eyes were seen to bulge with astonishment. But she said nothing till she and her son were outside, when, turning to him, she solemnly observed:

"I didn't wanter say nothin' in there, Joe, but dere, honey, I don't see how youse goin' to support de United States when you ain't been able till now to support your folkses."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Bird Structure.

Birds belong to the vertebrates, or backboned animals. They are distinguished from the rest of the vertebrates by the graceful outlines of their bodies, by their clothing of feathers, toothless jaws and the fore limbs, or wings, being adapted to flying. Nature has made many wonderful provisions in the bird, especially in the formation and arrangement of the bones. These are compact and in many cases hollow, thus combining lightness with strength. The first bone of the backbone is so freely jointed to the skull that birds can turn their heads around and look directly back.

Alms From a Tomb.

A remarkable custom which has been uninterruptedly in force for 300 years is yearly observed at Hilton, a secluded parish a few miles from Cheadleigh. It is that of picking up alms from the doctor's tomb in the churchyard. The rector and churchwarden stand at one end of the tomb, upon the flat top of which they place coins. The recipients of the charity come up one by one to the other end of the tomb and pick up the money.—London Standard.

They're All Old.

"I am about," said the speaker, "to tell a story which I believe is new to most of you."

"Gee," interrupted a little man at the end of the banquet hall, "that fellow would believe anything!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Youth and Advice.

Naturally youth doesn't listen to advice. One has to make mistakes for forty or fifty years before one begins to suspect that such things are possible.—Indianapolis News.

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Official Directory.

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Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. P. Hargood, Bradford.
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Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
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Recorder—H. M. Climax, Smethport.
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Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
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Coroner—K. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
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Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—C. H. Foote.
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Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—F. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FOX, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BENDETTE S. HAYES, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
E. F. WALLING, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIDLEY, Pres.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BASSETT, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 331, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
O. M. CUNNINGHAM, Pres.
JESSE CHEESEMAN, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARRELL, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MORTIMER, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 11:00 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:00 m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church.—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

First Baptist Church.—T. D. Wilcox, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Value of Gold

By JOHN LEISK TAIT.

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"She's the sweetest girl in the world!" The young fellow snapped the locket and replaced it in his pocket. The old man nodded understandingly, but grimly continued smoking. After a few minutes he knocked the ashes from his pipe and asked abruptly:

"What's her name, kid?"

"Agnes," said the boy softly—"Agnes Morton."

The eager lines in the old man's face smoothed out into an expression of indifference. He refilled his pipe and smoked silently until it was quite out. As he finished it and looked up again he caught something in the boy's expression that awakened a sympathetic recollection.

"Tell me all about it, kid. It'll do you good, and I want to hear the story."

His partner laughed a little bitterly.

"It isn't much of a story, Mike," he said simply. "I've loved her ever since we used to make mud pies together. It has been understood between us for years that we were to marry some day. Her mother knew all about that too. She never objected until they struck oil on her farm, and she took Agnes

"IT'S FULL OF FREE GOLD!" HE CRIED WILDLY.

to town, and—well, when I went down to see her last spring I found things very much changed."

He paused uncertainly for an instant. The old man nodded, and he resumed:

"I hung around nearly a week before I got to see Agnes at all. Then it was in her mother's presence. We had—rather a stormy time of it, I'm afraid. I know I said some very harsh things. Agnes loved me; she admitted it in so many words. But her mother dominated her, and the girl was afraid to rebel. The best I could do was to wring a promise from the old lady that she would give me a year to make good before she permitted the affair with a corporation lawyer to go any further. And then—then was when I came out here."

"Expecting to strike it rich, eh?"

"I knew that unless I did I was bound to lose her forever. There was no chance in the world for me to make $100,000 in a year in Chicago."

"Humph!" grunted the old man cynically. "Brilliant move! You quit a city where you're known and leave a profession you understand to come out to a wild country you don't know to try to find a fortune that you couldn't recognize if you found it! If you knew the first thing about prospecting it wouldn't seem quite so silly, but you—why, you couldn't tell a strike from a hole in the ground. You young fellows haven't a bit of sense."

"You don't understand, Mike; you don't know anything about it. I knew you wouldn't. I shouldn't have told you"—

The old man held up his hand pacifically.

"Oh, well, let's drop it, kid. We've got to get some sleep. I want to be moving early in the morning."

Nevertheless long after his companion was sleeping soundly the old man lay thinking. He had understood—only too well! Twenty-five years ago Marian Denman had laid the alternative before him.

"I will never marry a poor man," she declared. "I love you, but I know too much about poverty to marry you while you are a poor man. I will wait for you, but I will not marry you until you are able to support a wife—in good style."

And so he had left her side and sought the mining district where great strikes were to be made by the lucky few. Who could say but he might be one of the few?

Two years he wandered and worked ineffectually. Then he received a letter from his sister which shattered his dream castle and turned the wine of his hope into the gall of vengeance. Marian Denman had married a wealthy man and gone to a distant state to live.

He plunged deeper into the wild and struck more savagely at the mountain sides with his pick. He would find a fortune and return to flaunt it in the face of the faithless woman who had betrayed him. This thought had sustained him through the barren years.

But the photograph in that boy's locket! It was a perfect likeness of Marian Denman as she was when he knew her. But for the name, Agnes Morton, he would believe them related in some way. But, pshaw! It couldn't be. He rolled over and resolutely went to sleep.

As the partners plied their picks next morning the old man's mind reverted to the picture.

"Tell me more about the girl, kid," he said at length. "Tell me what you know about her folks."

The boy straightened up and wiped his forehead upon his shirt sleeve.

"I know nothing about her father," he answered. "He died just before they moved to our town. Agnes was *three years old then.* Her mother had been married twice, they tell me. Her first husband was a man of the name of Fowler—George Fowler. He was quite wealthy, but the second husband lost almost everything they had, excepting the farm."

The old man moistened his lips and asked in a strangely harsh voice, "What was the mother's maiden name?"

He knew even before the boy answered him.

"Marian Denman. Her people lived in some little place in Indiana, I believe; some village of the name of Clancey."

The landscape whirled before the old man. Blindly he lifted his pick and struck at the face of the cliff before him a terrific blow that shattered his pick handle and left the iron part of the tool sticking fast in the rock.

"A confounded hornet stung past my face, and I struck wild at him," was his plausible excuse.

It took five minutes of hard prying to wrench that pick loose, and when it came away a section of the rock rolled down with it. Before the hole in the cliff which this exposed the old man dropped on his knees and gasped.

"It's full of free gold!" he cried wildly. "It's alive with it, boy! This is the biggest strike that's been made in those hills for ten years."

They went through the formality of eating dinner, but neither could eat. The old man smoked silently for half an hour while the boy packed. Finally he laid down his pipe and spoke.

"You make a bee-line for the registration office, kid, and locate this claim in your own name, See? And then you like for Louisville and hunt up Jim Green. Everybody there knows Jim. You won't have any trouble in finding him. Show him this and don't take less than $150,000 for your rights in this claim. He'll pay it all right."

He passed a hastily scrawled note as he spoke.

"This note will fix Jim all right. He's been sidling me for years, and he'll buy anything I tell him is good."

"But the claim is yours!" panted the boy.

"No, kid; it's *come too late* to be of value to me. This claim has done all for me it can do now—except to fix you out so you can go back and marry Agnes. I want the hills and the hunt for another strike. I don't want the gold. It has no value for me. I'll hold the claim down till you get back, and then I'll the hills again for me!"

And he insisted upon carrying this programme out to the letter. Gold had lost its value as far as he was concerned. In a way he had outwitted the woman who had sinned against him.

But as to the boy—and Agnes. Ask them.

The Origin of Massage.

China claims to have originated massage treatment. According to long time Chinese lines, life is entirely dependent on "air currents," which are designated as the primary aura of the organism. So long, then, as the body is permeated by the air current it is proof against disease, and the object of physical exercise is to circulate the air current. To effect this the Chinese system is divided into three periods, each period occupying a hundred days, the first period commencing at the time of the new moon. The patient must rise at 4 o'clock in the morning and walk outside his house, taking seven deep inspirations, and immediately after this two youths who have been specially trained commence a gentle friction all over the body, starting over the cardiac area. At the time of full moon a further set of inspiratory exercises are taken. Later on, in the second period, the various parts of the body are rubbed with wooden planks until the muscles are hardened, and it is not until the hardening takes place that the real physical exercises are taken. Between the fifth and sixth months is the period of greatest activity, the European dumbbell being replaced by large sacks filled with stones. It is in the third period that the back muscles are chiefly exercised.

Capturing a Locomotive.

One of the finest stories in the history of the railways centers round a runaway engine on the Stockton and Darlington line. The engine was observed by the driver of another and more powerful one. Seeing the fugitive speeding in the direction of Darlington, he uncoupled his own engine, crossed the points and set out in pursuit on the same line. It was a long chase, but the pursuer, driven at top speed, gradually overhauled the runaway. At last it came near enough for the driver to crawl to the front of his engine and drop a stout chain over the tender hook of the other. He returned to his footplate, shut off steam and screwed down his brake. This steadied the one in front and so retarded its pace that the driver was able now to creep from his own engine on to the runaway, put on the brake and bring it to a standstill almost in the crowded Darlington station.—London Standard.

A Branch Office.

"What, begging again? I'm perfectly sure I gave you something this morning in the city, and now I meet you in Bond street."

"Quite correct, lady. This is my west end branch!"—Punch.

Pretty Lively Feeling.

I was out walking in Kingston, Jamaica, one afternoon, and while on a narrow street I came upon two black women, each apparently in a towering rage. Such a woman's tongue was going at a phenomenal rate, but not a word of their screeching jargon was intelligible to me.

Finally one of the women scooped up a double handful of the ever present Kingston dust and flung it over the other woman, with a wild shriek of laughter. The dust covered woman retaliated by taking a tin pail she had in her hand and, scooping up a couple of quarts of the dirty water in the gutter by the roadside, drenching her assailant with it, while all that part of Kingston resounded with the mad laughter. The two women then closed in on each other and proceeded to engage in a prolonged wrestle, which resulted in both of them falling to the ground, where they rolled over and over in a cloud of dust and finally stood upon their feet, facing each other in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Fearing that they would make a second onslaught on each other and wishing to play the part of peacemaker, I stepped forward and asked:

"What is the trouble?"

Courtesying low, one of the women said in a soft, drawling voice:

"No trouble at all, massah; wo's jess foolin'."—Exchange.

Cast Up by the Sea.

They that go down to the sea in ships learn much of the mysteries of life. From the coast of Africa there traveled to Scarboro, Me., the painting of an old time sea captain of that town who long years ago was lost with all on board his ship in the China seas. The ship sailed from the home port with every prospect of a successful voyage, but she never returned to the home land. Years went by and she was given up as lost, her name was taken from the shipping list, and no news of her came back to the waiting ones at home. Long afterward a passing vessel picked up off the African coast the portrait of an American sea captain, such as the Chinese artists paint, and on the back of the picture were the initials and name of the port from which he sailed. The painting was forwarded to the Little American town, and it was found to be a picture of the Scarboro sea captain, master of the lost vessel that had left the harbor so many years ago.—Kennebec Journal.

Largest Grave in the World.

The largest single grave in the world occupies just exactly one acre of ground, which is surrounded by an iron railing. This enormous grave is located at Puerto Cortez, in Honduras, and is the burial place of a woman. The tombstone occupies the center of the ground inclosed, and several wooden figures, representing the deceased are arranged in kataleptic form in different parts of the ground. There are no fewer than sixteen of these figures, which in the evening give the place a ghostlike appearance. The deceased had died rich and in her will had specified the amount of ground to be purchased for her grave and the manner in which it should be decorated. She had many curious notions, and the size and ornamentation of her grave was one of them.

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnall's reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked cautiously:

"I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

A Formidable Army.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aid to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour still no regiment. The aid came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aid, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."—Argonaut.

A Triple Coincidence.

An almost incredible triple coincidence was noted in France some years ago. In 1834 the deputy for the Ardennes was M. Ferry; for Loir et Cher, M. Brisson, and for the Vosges, M. Hugo. In 1793, 101 years earlier, each district had been represented in the chamber by a man of exactly the same name.

Pleasant.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in at this time of night again. New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to, mum. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.—London Globe.

Fatal Error.

"N. Peck's wife leads him a rather merry gait, I fancy."

"Oh, yes. When he was courting her he told her one day she looked pretty when she was angry, and now it has got to be a habit."

He is lifeless, that is faultless.—French Proverb.

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Fate's Second Chance.

By LESTER ROSE.

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Jean Griffith looked about her curiously. The street was at once familiar and strange, like an old friend encountered after years of separation. Five years had passed since Jean's father had moved out west—five years of mingled pain and pleasure—and this was her first return visit.

She was stopping at a downtown hotel and had come uptown to call on some of the girls she knew to be still living in the old neighborhood.

The altered aspect of the street reminded her that she, too, had changed. One learns much in five years.

She had been glad to leave the city five years before. It seemed as though she had just broken her engagement with Tom Fleming and had felt that every one in her set was talking about it. It had been an absurd quarrel. She had wanted to live in the city, and Tom had set his heart upon the purchase of a little home in the country.

They had been walking down that very street one afternoon, and she had insisted upon inspecting the apartments in a house just being completed. Tom had protested that it was useless to look at flats when they wanted a country home, and, though Jean had her way, Tom had grumbled all the time they were being shown through the rooms.

As they had stood on the steps after the caretaker had left them Jean had declared, her intention of living in one of the corner apartments, and Tom had turned stiffly away with the declaration that it was apparent they never could agree.

With her head held high, she had watched him go down the street, but when he had turned the corner she had burst in tears to wash out in tears her pain and indignation.

A few weeks later she had moved away, and Tom, his anger slowly cooling, had found out too late what that going meant to him. He had written,

"I THINK I AM STILL OF THE SAME OPINION."

but his letter was half apologetic, still half defiant in tone, so Jean had not answered. He had not written again.

Jean found none of the girls at home, and with hurried step she started for the avenue where the cars ran. A cloud of ominous blackness was forming, and the wind blew down the side streets in cold gusts that threatened an immediate precipitation.

She was within a block of the car line when the storm broke, and she huddled under the nearest awning. It was the only shelter in sight, and since it shielded the windows of a saloon she could not enter the place.

The fury of the storm was soon spent, but in place of the terrific downpour a gentle rain fell, and since there was a suggestion of clear weather Jean waited in the hope that she might not have to ruin her new hat.

As she stood thus her heart gave a great leap, for coming down the street, his head bent, was Tom Fleming. Not until he was almost opposite her did he see her. Then he halted, with a look of glad surprise in his face.

"I did not know that you were in town!" he cried as he advanced with outstretched hand.

"I arrived only last night," she explained. "I came up to see some of the girls, but could find no one at home and was starting for the car when the storm broke and anchored me here."

"Come under my umbrella," he suggested. "The rain is almost over, and that dress doesn't look as though the damp would hurt it. I'll see that your hat doesn't get wet."

Almost before she knew it Jean had tucked her arm through Tom's, and they were going down the street in the old familiar way. To her surprise, Jean found it very pleasant to be under the umbrella with Tom.

It seemed impossible that five years had passed since they had walked under the same umbrella. Tom had greeted her so quietly and had accepted her presence so much as a matter of course that she forgot all that had happened in the interval.

The rain pattered softly, almost tunefully, on their umbrella. The flood had swept clean the dusty streets, and the walks and roadways were now scarcely more than wet. There was a clean, sweet smell in the air, rid of its excuse of dust, and here and there they passed a private residence with its tiny garden and the scent of growing things and newly turned earth.

Few people were abroad, for the rain had driven most of them to cover, so these two had the street pretty well to themselves. Tom chatted of the people she had known, and Jean was so interested that before she realized it they were in front of the apartment house on the steps of which they had their first and last quarrel. She half stopped as she recognized the place, and Tom, feeling the pressure on his arm, came to a halt.

"Maybe they have not rented the apartment yet," he declared, with a whimsical smile, as he pointed to a sign beside the door announcing that there were four and five room apartments to let, with steam heat and hot water. "Let's drop in and see if they have."

For an instant Jean hung back, then she yielded to the whim and followed Tom up the steps. The janitor made his appearance and in answer to Tom's questions declared that there were several empty apartments.

"There's one on the second, two on the third and one on the fifth," he said.

With the unenthusiastic manner of janitors he rapidly enumerated the good points of the apartments in mechanical fashion, but Tom checked him.

"We know all about the place," he said. "We just wanted to see that it was still in good condition. I shall want some changes made in the paper."

"You'll have to see the agent about that," announced the janitor, producing a card. "He's only two blocks away." The man shuffled off to answer the call of a tenant, and Tom led Jean to the window. The sun had broken through the western sky, and a huge rainbow spanned the city.

"That is the sign of peace," remarked Tom, "just as that 'To Let' was a good omen. Will you forgive my bad temper and forget the last five years? Believe me, I have been sufficiently punished. You said that it was here that you wished to start housekeeping."

"I think I am still of the same opinion," confessed the girl shyly. Somehow this new Tom, with his gentle ways, was far more attractive than the imperious Tom Fleming of five years before.

"Do you know," she went on, "that when I got off the car a couple of hours ago it was like stepping into the past and taking up life where I left it five years back? Of course lots of things have changed, but it all seems so good. It's like coming back from a journey and realizing that you are at home again."

"And this is going to be home to us," said Tom tenderly. "We will forget the five years and pretend we haven't gone downstairs that first time yet."

"No," Jean shook her head with energy. "We will profit by experience and not quarrel this time."

"Quarrel!" echoed Tom. "I should say not. Once is more than enough for me. Fate has given me another chance, but there never would be a third. I've got you, dear, and I'm going to keep you for life."

How Walls Breathe.

Looking up at the ceiling of a room which is whitewashed or calcimined dark streaks can frequently be detected which at first glance seem to correspond with the shape of the laths overhead. These streaks are so faint oftentimes that they cannot be detected unless against a light background. Instead of revealing the shape of the lath, as people would at first suppose, the streak outlines the space between the laths, and this is the explanation of walls breathe. Through a newly plastered wall without decoration or covering of any kind pass eight cubic feet of air for each square yard of wall surface per hour. This naturally creates a slight suction, and the air in passing between the laths draws with it the particles of dust which are responsible for the dark stripes across the ceiling. The same breathing goes on through the side walls, but these dark strips are not noticed there for the reason that the greatest suction seems always to be upward.—Baltimore Sun.

Good He Didn't Accept.

During the second Dreyfus court martial M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, ex-president of the civil section of the cour de cassation, who was bitter against the accused captain, received a very polite letter dated from the Chateau de Prefargier, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and signed "A de Prefargier," praising him for his efforts in the Dreyfus case and inviting him to come and stay at the writer's residence.

M. de Beaurepaire replied in his usual flowery style, saying he would continue the struggle as long as he had strength and that he would remain at the breach like a valiant soldier to set an example of duty even should he stand alone. He did not positively decline the invitation, holding out hopes that some day he might be free to accept it.

The Chateau de Prefargier is the lunatic asylum for Neuchatel.

A Dog Story by Pepys.

The following story of a dog of the restoration has been taken from the voracious Pepys under the date of Sept. 11, 1661: "To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come hither to kill his pigeons, and do afterward bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered, that if the tip of the tail hangs out he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper. Which is very strange; and he tells me that he do believe that he hath killed above a hundred cats."

WHEN BATHS WERE RARE.

The Time When a Dandy Washed His Face Nearly Every Day.

It will come as a shock to some readers to learn that one of the most serious occupations of a fifteenth century wife was to protect her husband from fleas!

Taking into consideration, however, the horror with which the people of those days regarded cold water and clean clothes, it is not surprising to learn that the question of exterminating these insects made life a burden.

Cleanliness was not only looked upon as a dangerous custom, but a positive sin. The soul alone was regarded as of any importance, so that the neglect of the body became so much a virtue that a bath was only allowed in cases of illness. At any rate, water had no place in the toilet of the grand monarque. His valet after pouring a flask containing spirits of wine over the hands of his majesty passed a comb through his hair, thus completing his toilet for the day.

In the seventeenth century, however, cleanliness was carried to such an excess that an English dandy was expected to wash his face nearly every day. So rapidly did the custom spread that it was necessary to issue a solemn warning that the practice of using water for this purpose injures the eyesight, engenders toothache and catarrh, renders the complexion colorless and makes the skin susceptible to cold in the winter and heat in the summer.

Washing seems to have been more popular in the eighteenth century in France than in England, this in spite of the fact that water was forbidden in the former country.

A lost art, according to M. Franklin in "La Civilite du XIII. au XIX. Siecle," is that of blowing one's nose. Today it is a more or less perfunctory necessity, but in the seventeenth century it was an accomplishment. One person imitated the blast of a trumpet, another the sweeping of a cat. Possibly some liking which was the fashionable habit of that day had something to do with its accomplishments, perfection in which consisted in making "neither too much nor too little noise."

Another noteworthy fact on the etiquette of [illegible] that nobody ever knocked at the door. The correct thing was to scratch softly with the nail of [illegible] while the dandies of the [illegible] of song. Etiquette was so [illegible] that it is said that [illegible] spent a quarter of her life in mental torture as to [illegible] different individuals admitted [illegible] were entitled to sit on [illegible] with backs or only on stools.

A Tart Answer.

A young and newly married couple were entertaining their friends, and among the guests was a young woman whose continued rudeness made him extremely objectionable to the rest of the company. His conduct, although most unbearable, was put up with for some time until at supper he held up on his fork a piece of meat which had been served to him and in a vein of intended humor he looked round and remarked:

"Is this pig?"

This immediately drew forth the remark from a quiet looking individual sitting at the other end of the table:

"Which end of the fork do you refer to?"—London Graphic.

The Deacon and the Prayer.

"I didn't like your prayer very much this morning," said a fault finding deacon to his minister.

"What was wrong with it?"

"Well, in the first place it was too long, and then I thought it contained two or three expressions that were unwarranted."

"I am very sorry it meets with your disapproval, deacon," the good man responded, "but you must bear in mind that the prayer was not addressed to you."

Fairies.

The masses of Greeks and Romans and the rank and file of people throughout the middle ages thoroughly believed in fairies, gnomes, etc. The child has no doubt about the existence of Santa Claus, Jack Frost and a lot of other strange personages, and when the mind of the race was in its childhood state men were prepared to be as foolish in their beliefs as the little children are in all ages.—New York American.

Didn't Bother Him.

Railway Director—We have divided up the work so that each of the directors has a fair share to do. Higgins is secretary, I am treasurer, and Spriggs is— Griggs—Why, Spriggs is so deaf that he can't hear thunder. What does he do? Railway director—Oh, he listens to all the complaints!—London Mail.

A Triumph of Science.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you ketch the hired man in motion?"

"I think so."

"Ah, science kin do anything these days!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Popular Act.

Mr. Grumpus—Here, dear, is $10, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little applause, Mrs. G.—Applause? You deserve an encore, my dear.—Pathfinder.

A Cult.

"Pa, what's a cult?"

"A craze in its infancy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Roved.

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EUGENE ARAM'S LIFE.

The Remarkable Career of This Famous Murderer.

A SCHOLAR AND A SCOUNDREL

The Hero of Bulwer's Novel and Hood's Poem Was Really a Vile Criminal Who Abandoned Wife and Children and Knew No Remorse.

Eugene Aram, the scholar and murderer who inspired two of the masterpieces of English literature—Hood's poem and Bulwer's novel—was hanged on Aug. 6, 1759.

Aram was born in 1704 in Yorkshire. By the time he was fourteen years old he was regarded in the neighborhood as a prodigy of learning. His fame for piety and gentleness as a scholar spread, and as a result he was invited to Knaresborough to open a school in 1734. There a strange development took place in Aram's character. He formed an association with a drinking, turbulent crowd of men, the opposite of himself, among them Daniel Clark, who kept a little cobbler's shop, and Richard Houseman, a flax dresser.

In 1745 Clark married a woman with a small fortune of $1,000. Immediately he and his companions devised a scheme to rob her and her friends. Clark was to obtain all the goods he could on credit and hand them over to Aram and Houseman, who were to deposit them in a safe place. Then after secreting the plunder Clark was to decamp, leaving his wife to shift for herself, and the property was to be sold and divided among the three men.

Clark went about procuring a wide variety of articles on credit. He pretended he was about to give a great wedding feast and borrowed silver tankards, salvers, spoons, etc., from whoever would lend them. As fast as the different articles were obtained Clark, accompanied by Aram and Houseman, carried them to a place called St. Robert's cave.

When Clark had "borrowed" about everything valuable his acquaintances had to lend, the planters decided it was time for him to disappear. So in the early morning of Feb. 8, 1745, he, Aram and Houseman went to the cave to divide the spoils before Clark left. Aram and Clark had quarreled a good deal during the progress of predatory operations. At the entrance to the cave the quarrel was renewed, and Aram pushed Clark away and rained down tremendous blows on his head and chest. Clark fell dead."

Houseman, terrified at the sight and, as he said, afraid of meeting the same fate, turned and ran away. Aram did not show a particle of remorse or fear. He gathered up the booty and carried it to his house, where he buried part of it in the garden. He buried Clark's body and heaped stones over the grave. In the afternoon he went for Houseman and threatened him if he disclosed the murder and made him believe he was equally guilty in law.

Clark's disappearance was not noticed for a day or two. Then the people from whom he had "borrowed" jewelry and plate began to make inquiries. Suspicion was directed to Aram in some way. The village authorities searched his house and found a bundle containing battered plate and clothing stained with blood. Notwithstanding this, no action seems to have been taken by the authorities, nor was it suspected that Clark had been murdered. The neighbors began to jeer at the learned schoolmaster; however, and Aram suddenly left his wife and children and willed to London.

For fourteen years his family heard nothing of him. He spent the greater part of the time wandering about from place to place, at last finding a situation as usher in a school at Lynn. In June, 1758, a horse dealer who had known him in Knaresborough met him in the Lynn market. Aram denied his identity. By a singular coincidence, almost the day the horse dealer accosted the now gray haired schoolteacher, a skeleton was found by some workmen digging a pit in Thistle hill, in Knaresborough.

A country town has a keen recollection of everything that has occurred to disturb it, and immediately the disappearance of Clark fourteen years before was remembered. Houseman still alive, got drunk first and then joined the crowd of villagers looking at the exhumed skeleton. "Clark," he said with drunken gravity, "was never buried here."

The latter, still too drunk to realize the gravity of his position, muttered that Clark's body would be found in St. Robert's cave. The crowd made a rush for that place, and soon a skeleton was exhumed.

"I did not kill him," gasped Houseman, now thoroughly sober and terrified. "It was Aram. I had no part."

Houseman was taken to the village jail, and a warrant was sworn out for Aram. When the officers took him away from the school the pupils cried. The government used Houseman as a witness to convict Aram. The latter's speech in his own defense has come down complete—a masterly attack on circumstantial evidence, showing the intellectual power of the man. Aram made a half confession the night before his execution, followed by an attempt at suicide. According to the custom of the time, his body was hanged in chains, and it swung in Knaresborough forest until 1778. Years later, when the details of his crime were dim, his remarkable career attracted Hood and Bulwer, and thus the obscure, talented, perverted man became a part of English literature.—Exchange.

The Rubicon.

The Rubicon was the small stream separating ancient Italy from Cisalpine Gaul, the province which had been allotted to Cæsar. When Cæsar crossed this stream at the head of an armed force he passed beyond the limits of his own province and legally became an invader of Italy.

SERPENT OF AESCULAPIUS.

Worship of Snakes Led to Adoption of the Mystical Symbol.

It has been pointed out by Dr. Houdlu that the worship of the serpent was so universal in antiquity that all temples came to be known as "draconia" (serpent houses).

However that may be, serpents were kept in many of the temples of antiquity, notably in those of Apollo, whose son, Aesculapius, is represented in ancient statuary carrying a serpent intwined round a staff or round his arm. The serpent, indeed, came in time to be the special mystical emblem or symbol of the Aesculapian art.

The serpents of the ancient Greek temples were in all probability relics of that primitive serpent worship which was at one time universal among prehistoric peoples and has not died out among many savage races at the present day.

And "voodoo," or "obi," serpent worship is still said to linger in the West Indies among the descendants of slaves.

In Haiti especially, where negroes were dumped down from Africa by the old slave traders and were kept in reserve before being sold to masters in the surrounding islands, voodoo has defied Roman Catholic missionaries and priests for ages. A French naval officer who visited the court of the Haitian potentate Soulouque in 1840 described a voodoo ceremony where cannibalistic and other orgies were indulged in.

It is noticeable that the cock and black goat which were solemnly eaten on this occasion were both of them sacred to Aesculapius. Hence we may infer that the Aesculapian cultus was originally an innocent form of voodoo and at the same a primordial religion.

The extreme antiquity of serpent worship seems, indeed, to be hinted at in Genesis, where the devil appears in the guise of the snake god intent on the ruin of man. In the story of the brazen serpent, healing qualities are attributed to the image.—Lancet.

A PECULIAR SPIDER.

He Catches Birds as Big as Larks in His Mammoth Web.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellowish silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten or twelve feet, and, riding quickly in the early morning, you may dash right into it, the stout threads twisting round your face like a lace veil, while, as the creature that has woven it takes up his position in the middle, he generally catches your right in the nose, and, though he seldom bites or stings, the contact of his horseberry and long legs is anything but pleasant. If you forget yourself and try to catch him, like he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak, and you are not likely to forget the encounter.

The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scaly lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring. When waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captive.

He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across most perfect skeletons of small birds caught in these terrible snares.

Violet Ink the Cheapest.

"Look here, you, a literary man can't afford the extravagance of violet ink."

The literary man tore thoughtfully a pendent piece of leather from the sole of his shoe.

"I know," he admitted, "that violet ink costs thrice as much as black, but black corrodes a pen in a week, whereas violet is noncorrosive, and with its use it is possible to make one pen last six or seven months. The late Russell Sage, who used violet ink exclusively in his office, revealed this great truth to me during my brief clerical career in his office."—Exchange.

Didn't Want to Be Singular.

It was in the drawing room after dinner that they discussed an absent maiden friend's bad points with the usual grim and scathing glee. Having thoroughly dissected her personal appearance, they next paid attention to her mental shortcomings.

"She is a very singular girl," spake the one.

"Yes, indeed," responded her companion. "But, then, that is not her fault, for I never saw a girl so anxious to be plural."—Argonaut.

Where Pat Made a Mistake.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Casey, "some wan told me husband, Pat, that he c'd have his pants pressed be lettin' th' steam roller run over them, an' Pat trold th' scheme!"

"Well, phy do ye cry?" asked the friend, Mrs. Garrity.

"Oh," wailed the wife, "Pat forgot t' take th' punts off first!"—Judge.

Merely a Sample.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked the professor. "Have you the measles?"

"Nope," answered the boy. "I've got the measle. They's only one of 'em."

"That's singular!" mused the professor.—Chicago Tribune.

Sign of Precocity.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor. Second Editor—Why so? First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the wastebasket.—Lippincott's Magazine.

PSYCHIC FORCES.

Their Existence Proved, Yet Scientists Cannot Grasp Them.

I have seen enough to make me believe in Zollner's fourth dimension, but I don't. My mind is so constructed that such wonders as we meet in seances produce very little effect on me. They are as normal to me now as the popping of corn or the roasting of potatoes. But as for belief—well, that is not a matter of the will, but of evidence, and the evidence is not yet sufficient to bring me to any definite conclusion. In fact, in the broad day and especially the second day after I have been through one of these experiences I begin to doubt my senses. Richet speaks of this curious recession of belief and admits his own inability to retain the conviction that at the moment of the phenomenon was complete. "No sooner is the sitting over than my doubts come swarming back upon me," he says. "The real world which surrounds us, with its prejudices, its scheme of habitual opinions, holds us in so strong a grasp that we can scarcely free ourselves completely. Certainty does not follow on demonstration, but on habit."

Maxwell says: "I believe in these phenomena, but I see no need to attribute them to any supernatural intervention. I am inclined to think they are produced by some force within ourselves." Just what he means by that I can't precisely explain. It's harder to understand than the spirit hypothesis. He goes on to say that, while he is certain that we are in the presence of an unknown force, he is convinced that the phenomena will ultimately be found orderly, like all other facts of nature. "Some future Newton will discover a more complete formula than ours," he prophesies. "Every natural fact should be studied and, if it be real, incorporated in the patrimony of knowledge." He then adds, with the true scientist's humble acknowledgment of the infinite reach of the undiscovered universe, "Our knowledge is very limited and our experience young."—Hamlin Garland in Everybody's Magazine.

CUBE ROOT.

Do You Know the Method of Extracting It Without Pain?

Think of the inestimable value of knowing how to extract cube root! Ah, there is the priceless boon! Knowing that has saved us money, many and many a time, to say nothing of the social blunders it has assisted us to avoid. Do I know yet how it was done? Certainly. I knew it just as well as if it were yesterday that I studied it. You take the number whose cube root is desired and extraction can reduce it, put it down on a piece of paper, divide it into periods of three figures each. Write it [illegible] the left, multiply [illegible] by something [illegible] or you have forgotten how, but I assure you have the method, and it is easy.

That's the way I usually get it, and it is done like the spider web by the tireless youth of the press.

generation.

Is there a successful man living today and holding up his head among other successful men who cannot painlessly extract the cube root without giving the number an anaesthetic? If so, he should be ashamed of himself. He is a freak, and he attained distinction by a fluke. Some day the muck rakers will get to probing around, and when they discover that he can't extract the cube root of anything his career will be ended and his gray hairs will sink in sorrow to a dishonored, unsod grave. The jails and asylums are filled with vacant faced and craven hearted wretches who never learned the way to remove a cube root, no matter if the number containing it was threatened with blood poison. They don't know whether to run a horsehair loop down its throat, as in the case of gapes, or whether to use tweezers.

Let us try to impress upon our children—by precept—the importance of cube root extraction, but let us have business elsewhere in case they ask us to show them how.—Strickland W. Gillilan in Chicago News.

A Genuine Grouch.

A certain farmer noted for constant complaining, was met by a friend one morning.

"Fine weather, James," said the latter.

"For them as ain't got to work," was the response.

"Your farm looks in fine condition."

"To them's as ain't got to dig in it."

"Well, James, I'm glad your wife's better."

"Them as don't have to live with her may be!"—London Family Herald.

Bray's Mythical Vicar.

It is curious to reflect that there are scattered about the world many scores of places whose chief claim to distinction consists in their association with some famous city or other. Take, for example, the village of Bray, in Berkshire, always associated with the world famous "Vicar of Bray." The most curious part of the business is that, though Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," asserts that the cleric who is the hero of the song was one Simon Alleyn, careful search of the parish registers has failed to substantiate the story.—London Musical Home Journal.

A Strenuous Task.

"Your honor," said the witness, "can't you order a recess?"

"A recess?"

"Yes, sir. I've stood on this stand and told the whole truth two hours on a stretch, and I'm rectotally worn out! I never told the truth that long before—not in all my life!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Shattered Hopes.

He (anxiously)—I understand your father speaks very highly of me? She—Yes, but he doesn't mean a word of it. He—Are you sure of that? She—Certainly. He does it just to torment mother.—Chicago News.

Grief should be like Joy—majestic, humble, sedate.—Aubrey de Vere.

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